

tokens of repentance, my father seemed to me only a man of naturally kind feelings, but carried beyond himself at times by stubborn and systematic opposition to all his tastes and likings. I fancied my mother attacked by a sort of nervous disorder, a kind of hypochondria. My father gave me to understand as much, though always maintaining with regard to the subject a reserve which I thought very fitting.

My mother's feelings toward my father seemed to me indefinable. The looks which she fixed on him seemed at times inflamed with a strange expression of harshness; but it was only a flash, and the next moment her beautiful humid eyes, and her countenance, which had an unalterable charm, testified to nothing save tender devotion and most loving deference.

My mother was married at fifteen, and I was close on my twenty-second year when my sister, my poor Helen, came into the world. A short time after her birth, my father, issuing one morning with anxious brow from the room where my mother was languishing, made me a sign to follow him into the garden. After two or three turns in silence, he said to me: 'Maxime, your mother is growing stranger than ever!'

'She suffers so much, father!'

'Yes, no doubt; but she has a very singular fancy: she wishes that you should study law.'

'Study law! How can my mother want me, at my age, with my birth and position, to go and dawdle on the benches of a school? It would be ridiculous!'

'So I think,' said my father drily; 'but your mother is ill, there is nothing more to say.'

I was at that time a simpleton, very much inflated by my name, my youthful consequence, and little successes in society, but my heart was sound: I adored my mother, with whom I had lived for twenty years in the closest intimacy that can bind two human souls. I ran to assure her of my obedience; and she thanked me with an inclination of the head and a sorrowful smile, at the same time bidding me kiss my sister, who was asleep on her knee.

We lived within half a league of Grenoble, so that I could go through a course of law without quitting the paternal roof. My mother informed herself day by day as to the progress of my studies, with an interest so lively and persevering, that I came to ask myself whether there was not behind this unusual attention something more than a sick woman's fancy; whether, perhaps, my father's dislike and contempt for the positive and troublesome side of life, had not wrought some secret ravages in our resources, which an acquaintance with law, and a familiarity with business might, my mother hoped, enable his son to repair. However, I could not dwell on this thought. I re-

membered, it is true, having heard my father complain bitterly of the disasters which our fortunes had undergone in the revolutionary times; but his complaints had long since ceased; and, indeed, I had never been able to avoid thinking them quite unjust, as our position with regard to property seemed to me most satisfactory. We lived, in fact, near Grenoble, in our hereditary family chateau, which was spoken of throughout the country for its grand seignorial air. My father and I would often hunt for a whole day without leaving our own land or our own woods. Our stables were ancient and large, and always filled with valuable horses, which were my father's passion and pride. We had besides at Paris, on the Boulevard des Capucines, a handsome house, where a comfortable abode was secured to us. Lastly, in the habitual style of our house, there was nothing to betray the shadow of pinching or contrivance. Our table, too, was always served with a particular and refined delicacy, which my father appreciated.

Meanwhile my mother's health was almost insensibly but steadily declining. A time came when that angelic disposition changed. That mouth which—in my presence at least—had uttered none but gentle words, became bitter and attacking: every step that I took outside the chateau, drew forth sarcastic and painful remarks. My father, who was spared no more than I was, bore these attacks with a patience which seemed to me meritorious on his part; but he began to spend his time more than ever away from home, feeling, as he said, the want of ceaseless diversion and change. He always desired me to accompany him; and my love of pleasure, the impatient eagerness of my age, and, in a word, the weakness of my heart, made him find me only too ready to obey.

One day in the month of September 185—, some races, for which my father had several horses entered, were to take place on a course at no great distance from the chateau. We started, my father and I, early in the morning, and breakfasted on the course. Toward the middle of the day, as I was galloping on the border of the race-course, so as to follow more closely the progress of the struggle, I was suddenly joined by one of our servants, who had sought me, he said, for more than half an hour; he added that my father had already returned to the chateau, where my mother had sent for him, and where he begged me to follow him without delay.

'But, in Heaven's name, what is the matter?'

'I think Madame is worse,' the man replied. And I set off like a madman.

On arriving, I saw my sister at play on the grass-plot in the middle of the great court-yard, which was silent and deserted. She ran to meet me as I got down from my horse, and while embracing me, said with a mysterious air of business, and almost of joy, 'The cure is comé.'

Still I saw no unusual excitement in the house, no sign of disorder or alarm. I hastily ascended the staircase, and was crossing the boudoir which adjoined my mother's room, when the door gently opened, and my father appeared. I stopped before him: he was very pale, and his lips were trembling. 'Maxime,' he said, without looking at me, 'your mother wants you.'

I would have questioned him; but he made a sign with his hand, and hastened to a window, apparently to look out.

I entered the room. My mother was half-reclining in her easy-chair, over the side of which hung one of her arms, as if nerveless. Suddenly I discerned once more on her face, now of a waxen pallor, the exquisite gentleness and delicate grace which suffering had recently banished: the angel of eternal rest was already plainly spreading his wing over that calm forehead. I fell on my knees: she half-opened her eyes, raised with difficulty her drooping head, and covered me with a long look. Then with a voice which was only an interrupted breathing, she slowly said these words: 'Poor child! — I am worn out, you see — do not weep! You have neglected me a little latterly: but I was so ill-tempered! — We shall meet again, Maxime: all will be explained, my son. — I can speak no longer! — Remind your father of what he has promised. In the battle of life, be strong, and forgive the weak!'

She seemed exhausted, interrupted herself for a moment, then raising her finger with an effort, and looking steadily at me, said: 'Your sister!' Her death-colored eyelids closed, then she opened them again suddenly, and stretched out her arms with a stiff and ominous gesture. I uttered a cry, my father ran in, and pressed for a long time to his breast, with heart-rending sobs, the poor corpse of a martyr.

Some weeks later, at the formal request of my father, who, he said, was only obeying the last wishes of her whose loss we wept, I left France, and began that life of wandering in the world which I have led almost to this day. In a year of absence my heart, which became more and more loving as the wretched impetuosity of my age died out — my heart, I say, urged me, more than once, to go and plunge again in the fountain of my life, between my mother's grave and my little sister's cradle; but my father had himself fixed the exact duration of my travels, and he had not brought me up to treat his wishes lightly. His correspondence, affectionate but brief, announced no impatience about my return. I was all the more terrified, when, on landing two months ago at Marseilles, I found several letters from him, all recalling me with feverish haste.

It was on a gloomy evening in the month of February, that I again saw the massive walls of our ancient dwelling, standing in relief from

a slight fall of snow which covered the country. A bitter icy blast blew at intervals; flakes of hoar-frost fell like dead leaves from the trees in the avenue, and settled on the damp earth with a slight but mournful sound. On entering the court-yard I saw a shadow, that seemed to be my father's, on one of the windows of the great saloon on the ground-floor, which in the latter part of my mother's life was never opened. I rushed forward. On seeing me, my father uttered an indistinct exclamation; then opened his arms to me, and I could feel his heart beating violently against mine. 'Thou art frozen, my poor child,' he said: (contrary to his custom, he used the 'thou.') 'Warm yourself. This room is cold; but I keep to it now by preference, for one can at least breathe in it.'

'Your health, my father?'

'Passable, you see.' And leaving me near the chimney, he resumed the walk which I seemed to have interrupted, pacing to-and-fro the immense saloon, faintly lighted by two or three tapers.

This strange reception had astounded me. I looked at my father in a state of stupefaction.

'Have you seen my horses?' he asked suddenly, without stopping.

'My father!'

'Ah! stay—you are right! You are just come. (After a silence.)

'Maxime,' he resumed, 'I wish to speak with you.'

'I am listening, father.'

He seemed not to hear me, continued walking for some time, and repeated several times at intervals: 'I wish to speak with you, my son!' At last he heaved a deep sigh, passed one hand across his forehead, and suddenly sitting down, pointed me to a chair in front of him. Then as if he wished to speak, but could not summon up the courage, he fixed his eyes on mine, and I read in them an expression of anguish, meekness, and entreaty, which, in so proud a man as my father, touched me deeply. Whatever might be the wrongs he had so much difficulty in confessing, I felt in the depth of my soul that they were already freely forgiven, when on a sudden this look, which did not quit my face, assumed a wonderful and vaguely terrible fixity; his hand tightened on my arm; he rose in his chair, and sinking back immediately, fell heavily on the floor. He was no more!

The heart neither reasons nor calculates. That is its glory. In an instant I had divined it all: a single minute had sufficed to reveal all at once, without a word of explanation, but by a flash of irresistible light, the fatal truth, of which a thousand facts repeated daily before me for twenty years had aroused in me no suspicion. I understood that ruin was about me, in the house and on my head. Alas! I know not whether, if my father had left me overwhelmed with benefits, it would have cost me more and bitterer tears. My regret and deep

sorrow were united to a pity, which, ascending from a son to a father, caused a strangely bitter feeling. I had ever before me that entreating, humiliated, distracted look : I was in despair that I had been unable to say a word of solace to that unhappy heart before it broke, and I cried madly to him who no longer heard me : 'I forgive you ! I forgive you !' O God ! what moments were those !

As far as I have been able to conjecture, my mother when dying, made my father promise to sell the larger portion of his property, to pay off entirely the enormous debt which he had contracted by spending every year a third more than his income, and afterward to reduce his expenditure strictly in proportion to what remained. My father had tried to keep his engagement : he had sold his timber, and part of his land ; but finding a considerable sum thus in hand, he had employed only a small part of it for the extinction of his debt, and had essayed to restore his fortune by intrusting the remainder to the detestable chances of the Bourse. This completed his ruin.

I have not yet been able to sound the depths of the abyss in which we are swallowed up. A week after my father's death I fell seriously ill, and it was with difficulty that, after two months of suffering, I was able to leave our hereditary chateau on the day when a stranger took possession. Happily an old friend of my mother, living at Paris, who formerly had charge of our affairs as notary, came to my help in this sad position ; and offered to take upon himself the task of liquidation, which to my inexperience seemed one of inextricable difficulty. I left the care of arranging the business of succession to the property entirely in his hands ; and I presume that his task is finished to-day. No sooner had I arrived yesterday morning, than I ran to his house : he was in the country, and is not to return until to-morrow. These two days have been cruel : uncertainty is truly the worst of all evils, for it is the only one which suspends the elasticity of the soul and postpones its courage. Ten years ago I should have been greatly surprised, had any one prophesied that the old notary, whose formal language and stiff politeness so highly amused my father and myself, would one day be the oracle from whom I awaited the decree that was to decide my destiny ! I do my best to be on my guard against exaggerated hopes : I have made approximate calculations that there would remain to us, after all debts are paid, a sum of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty thousand francs. It is strange if a fortune of five millions does not leave at least this wreck. I purpose to take ten thousand francs for my share, and seek my fortune in the new States of the Union ; the remainder I shall leave to my sister.

Enough of writing for to-night. It is a sad occupation to evoke such remembrances. Still I feel that it has somewhat restored my calmness. Truly labor is a sacred law, for even the slightest applica-

tion of it will result in an indescribable satisfaction and serenity. For all that, man does not love work: he cannot slight its indisputable blessings: he tastes them daily, and makes a boast of them; and on the morrow betakes himself to work again with the same distaste. There seems to me a singular mystery and contradiction about work; as if we felt in it at the same time punishment and the divine fatherly nature of our JUDGE.

*Thursday.*

ON awaking this morning, I received a letter from old M. Laubépin. It was to invite me to dinner, apologizing at the same time for so great a liberty: it contained no communication relative to my affairs. I drew an ill omen from this reserve.

In the interval before the hour appointed, I brought my sister from her convent, and took her for a walk about Paris. The child has no suspicion of our ruin. In the course of the day she indulged in several pretty expensive fancies. She laid in a large stock of gloves, rose-tinted paper, sweetmeats for her friends, perfumes, extraordinary kinds of soap, and small pencils—all very useful things no doubt, but not so necessary as a dinner. May she never know it!

At six o'clock I was at M. Laubépin's house, Rue Cassette. I do not know what our old friend's age may be; but as far back as I can recollect, I remember him just such as I saw him to-day—tall, lean, with a slight stoop, white hair in some disorder, a piercing eye under bushy black eye-brows, a face showing both vigor and refinement. I recognized too the old-fashioned black coat, the professional white cravat, and the hereditary diamond in his frill: in short, all the outward marks of a grave, methodical mind, that was attached to traditions. The old gentleman awaited me before the open door of his little drawing-room; after a low bow he took my hand lightly with two of his fingers, and led me up to an old lady of a very plain appearance, who was standing before the mantel-piece. 'The Marquis de Champeey d'Hauterive!' said M. Laubépin in a strong, deep, emphatic voice. Then immediately turning toward me, and in a more humble tone: 'Madame Laubépin.'

We sat down, and for a moment there was an embarrassed silence. I had looked for immediate instruction as to my exact position; perceiving that it was deferred, I presumed it could not be of an agreeable nature, and this presumption was strengthened by the looks of discreet compassion with which Madame Laubépin furtively honored me. As for M. Laubépin, he watched me with a curious attentiveness which I fancied not free from malice. I remembered then, that my father had always claimed to discern in the heart of the punctilious scrivener, under all his pretence of respect, traces of the leaven of the bourgeois, the roturier, and even of the Jacobin. This leaven I thought



was fermenting a little just now; and the old man's secret dislikes seemed gratified at the sight of a gentleman thus on the rack. I began talking at once, in the attempt to show, spite of the prostration I really felt, that my mind was perfectly easy. 'Why, M. Laubépin,' I said, 'you have left the Place des Petits Pères, that dear Place des Petits Pères. I would not have believed you could make up your mind to it.'

'The truth is, Marquis,' replied M. Laubépin, 'it is not a fickleness that suits my age; but when I gave up the profession, I had to give up the office, since one cannot take down an escutcheon so easily as a sign.'

'But you still do some business?'

'Yes, Marquis, in the way of friendly assistance. Some families of distinction and consideration, whose confidence I have been so happy as to gain in the course of a forty-five years' practice, are still pleased, in cases of unusual delicacy, to seek advice from my experience, and I think I may add, that they seldom repent following it.'

When M. Laubépin had finished paying himself this tribute, an old servant came in to announce dinner; and I had the advantage of conducting Madame Laubépin into the adjoining room. The conversation throughout the meal turned on the most insignificant trifles; M. Laubépin not ceasing to fix on me a piercing look of doubtful meaning, while Madame Laubépin, when offering me any dish, would use that tone of grief and compassion which we assume by a sick man's bed. At length we rose, and the old notary led me into his study, where coffee was immediately served. Bidding me be seated, and turning his back to the fire-place, M. Laubépin then began: 'Marquis, you have done me the honor to intrust to my care the settlement of the inheritance of the late Marquis Champcey d'Hauterive, your father. I was preparing to write you no later than yesterday, when I learned your arrival in Paris, which enables me to give you a *vivid* *voce* account of the results of my zeal and labors.'

'I have a presentiment, Sir, that the result is not a happy one.'

'No, Marquis, it is not; and I will not conceal from you that you will have need of courage to hear it: but I am used to proceeding methodically.'

'It was in the year 1820, Sir, that Mademoiselle Louise Hélène Dugald Delatouche d'Erouville was sought in marriage by Charles Christian Odiot, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive. Invested by a tradition of ages, as it were, with the management of the affairs of the Dugald Delatouche family, and moreover long since on a footing of respectful intimacy with the young heiress of that house, I had to use all the arguments reason could furnish, to oppose the inclination of her heart, and turn her aside from this melancholy alliance. I say melancholy alliance, not that M. de Champcey's fortune, spite of certain

mortgages with which it was even then burdened, was unequal to that of Mademoiselle Delatouche; but I knew M. de Champcey's disposition and temper, which were partly hereditary. Under the seductive and chivalrous exterior, which marked him and all of his house, I saw plainly obstinate thoughtlessness, hopeless imprudence, a mad love of pleasure, and lastly, implacable selfishness——'

'Sir,' I broke in roughly, 'my father's memory is sacred to me, and I expect it to be so to all who speak of my father in my presence.'

'Sir,' the old man resumed with a sudden violent emotion, 'I respect the feeling; but when I speak of your father, I can with great difficulty forget that I speak of the man who killed your mother, who was a heroine, a saint, an angel!'

I rose in great agitation. M. Laubépin took a few paces up and down the room, and seized my arm. 'Pardon, young man,' he said, 'but I loved your mother. I wept for her. Be kind enough to forgive me.' Then standing before the mantel-piece he added in the most impressive tone habitual to him: 'I had the honor and vexation of drawing up your mother's marriage-contract. In spite of all I could say, your mother's property was not settled on herself; and it was not without great effort that I contrived to introduce into the deed a protecting clause, declaring inalienable, without your mother's legal consent, about a third of her real property. A vain, and I might say, Marquis, cruel precaution of blundering friendship; for this fatal clause had only the effect of preparing the most unendurable torture for her whose peace it was intended to secure: I mean those struggles, quarrels, and scenes of violence, the echo of which must more than once have reached your ears, and in which was torn piecemeal from your unhappy mother, the last inheritance—the very bread of her children.'

'Spare me, Sir, I beg.'

'I bow to your wish, Marquis.—I will speak of the present only. As soon as I was honored with your confidence, my first duty, Sir, was to request you not to accept an inheritance which would bring with it such heavy obligations.'

'That measure, Sir, seemed to me an outrage on my father's memory, and I had to refuse it.'

M. Laubépin darted at me one of his familiar inquisitive glances, and resumed: 'Apparently you are not unaware, Sir, that for want of having adopted this course, legally open to you, you stand responsible for the burdens of the estate, even should they exceed its value. Now, it becomes my painful duty to inform you, Marquis, that this is exactly the case offered by the premises. As you will see in these papers, it is quite clear that, after selling your hotel on un hoped-for terms, you and your sister will still remain indebted to your father's creditors in a sum of forty-five thousand francs.'



I was truly overwhelmed by this news, which surpassed my most painful apprehensions. For a minute I listened stupidly to the monotonous ticking of the clock, on which I fixed a vacant stare.

‘And now,’ M. Laubépin resumed after a silence, ‘the time is come to tell you, Marquis, that your mother, in anticipation of possibilities which to-day are unhappily realized, deposited with me certain jewels, the value of which is estimated at about fifty thousand francs. To prevent this slight sum, henceforth your sole resource, from passing into the hands of the creditors of the estate, we can avail ourselves, I believe, of a legal subterfuge which I shall have the honor of pointing out to you.’

‘It is entirely useless, Sir. I am too happy to be able, by the help of this unexpected reserve, to pay off my father’s debts in full, and I will ask you to devote it to that purpose.’

M. Laubépin bowed slightly. ‘Be it so,’ he said; ‘but it is impossible for me not to point out to you, Marquis, that when once this deduction is made from the deposit in my keeping, there will remain, as the whole fortune of Mademoiselle Helen and yourself, only a sum of four or five thousand francs, which, at the present rate of money, will give you an income of two hundred and twenty-five francs. After saying this, Marquis, allow me in a confidential, friendly, and respectful manner, to ask you whether you have thought of any means for securing your subsistence and that of your sister and ward, and what are your plans?’

‘I confess I have no longer any plans, Sir. Any which I might have formed are irreconcilable with the absolute destitution to which I find myself reduced. If I were alone in the world, I would become a soldier; but I have my sister, and I cannot bear the thought of seeing the poor child reduced to labor and privation. She is happy in her convent, and is young enough to stay there some years longer. I would accept with all my heart any occupation which would enable me, by practising the strictest economy, to earn enough to keep my sister at school, and save up a dowry for her in the future.’

M. Laubépin looked at me steadily. ‘To attain this honorable end, you ought not at your age, Marquis, to think of entering on the slow promotion of the public service or official duties. You would want a situation that should secure you, from the outset, five or six thousand francs a year. I am bound to tell you, that in the present state of society, this *desideratum* can certainly not be had for stretching out your hand for it. Happily I have to make certain propositions touching yourself, of a nature to influence your position at once, and with no great trouble.’ M. Laubépin fixed his eyes upon me with a more penetrating gaze than ever, and continued: ‘In the first place, Marquis, I am to be the spokesman for a clever, rich, and influential speculator.

This individual has conceived the idea of a considerable enterprise, the nature of which shall be presently explained to you, and which can only succeed with the special coöperation of the aristocratic class of this country. He thinks that an ancient and noble name like your own, Marquis, figuring among the founders of the undertaking, would win for him some sympathy among the special public to which the prospectus is to be addressed. In consideration of this advantage, he offers you, to begin with, what is commonly called a bonus, namely, ten shares which will cost you nothing, their value being reckoned at ten thousand francs now, and probably at three times that amount if the speculation succeeds. Besides ——

‘Stop, Sir; such degradation is not worth the pains you are taking to explain it.’

I saw the old man’s eye suddenly gleam under his thick brows, as if a spark had shot from them. A slight smile relaxed the stiff wrinkles on his countenance. ‘If the proposal does not please you, Marquis,’ he said, speaking thickly, ‘it pleases me no more than yourself. In any case, I thought it my duty to submit it to you. Here is another, which may gratify you more, and it is really more attractive. I count, Sir, in the number of my oldest clients, a worthy merchant who has retired from business some little time, and now quietly enjoys, with an only and therefore adored daughter, an *aurea mediocritas* which I estimate at twenty-five thousand francs a year. Chance would have it, that three days ago my client’s daughter was informed of your position; I had occasion to think, and even reason to know, that the young lady, who, by the way, is pleasant to look on, and possessed of inestimable character, would not hesitate for a second to accept from your hand the title of Marchioness of Champeey. The father consents, and I await only a word from you, Marquis, to tell you the name and abode of this — interesting family.’

‘This decides me altogether, Sir. From to-morrow I will renounce a title which in my position is ridiculous, and which seems, moreover, to expose me to the most wretched schemes of intrigue. The original name of my family is Odier; it is the only one I will henceforth bear. And now, Sir, while I admit to the full, how lively was the interest which induced you to become the bearer of these curious proposals, I will beg you to spare me any others of a similar character.’

‘In that case, Marquis,’ M. Laubépin replied, ‘I can say absolutely nothing further.’

Here being taken with a sudden fit of merriment, he rubbed his hands together with a noise like crackling parchment. Then he added, smilingly: ‘You will be hard to dispose of, Monsieur Maxime. Yes, yes, very hard to dispose of. It is strange, Sir, that I did not sooner notice the striking likeness which nature has been pleased to exhibit in

your face to your mother's. The eyes and the smile especially—but let us keep to the point, and as you are determined to owe your living to honorable labor alone, allow me to ask what talents and aptitudes you may possess?’

‘My education has naturally been, Sir, that of a man brought up to riches and idleness. Still, I have studied law, and even have the title of advocate.’

‘Advocate! The deuce, you are an advocate, are you? But the title is not enough; in the career of the bar, more depends on yourself than in any other—and in it—well—do you feel yourself to be eloquent, Marquis?’

‘So far from it, Sir, that I believe myself quite incapable of speaking two sentences extempore in public.’

‘Hm! That is not exactly what you can call being a born orator. You will therefore need to look elsewhere; but the matter requires fuller consideration. Besides, I see you are tired, Marquis. Here are your papers, which I beg you will examine at your leisure. I have the honor to wish you good night, Sir. Allow me to light you. Pardon, am I to wait for fresh instructions before I apply the proceeds of the sale of the gems and jewels in my keeping to the payment of your creditors?’

‘Certainly not. And I expect you further to deduct from this reserve the proper remuneration for your kind offices.’

We had reached the landing on the stairs. M. Laubépin, who stoops a little in walking, drew himself up to his full height. ‘In all that concerns your creditors, Marquis,’ he said, ‘I will respectfully obey you. As to myself, I was a friend of your mother, and I humbly but earnestly beg your mother's son to treat me as a friend.’ I gave the old man my hand; he pressed it hard, and we parted.

Returned to the little room which I occupy under the roof of this hotel, now no longer mine, I wished to prove to myself that the certainty of my utter misery did not plunge me in a despondency unworthy a man. I set myself to write an account of this decisive day in my history, studying to keep the precise style of the old notary, and his language, compounded of stiffness and courtesy, of mistrust and good feeling, which, even while my soul was overwhelmed, more than once made my spirit smile.

This, then, is poverty; no longer the hidden, proud, poetic poverty which in imagination I bravely bore in mighty forests, deserts, and savannahs; but sheer misery, want, dependence, humiliation, something even worse—the bitter poverty of the sometime rich man; poverty in a black-coat, hiding its bare hands from old friends passing by! Courage, my brother, courage!

*Monday, April 27th.*

I HAVE waited five days in vain for tidings from M. Laubépin. I confess I did seriously reckon on the interest he seemed to take in me. His experience, business acquaintances, and extensive connections gave him the means of serving me. I was ready to take all necessary steps, under his guidance; but, left to myself, I have absolutely no idea in which direction to turn my steps. I thought him one of those who promise little and perform much. I am afraid I was mistaken. This morning I decided to go to his house, under pretence of returning the documents which he intrusted to me, and which I have found painfully correct. They told me that the good man had gone to taste the pleasures of the country, in some chateau or other in the heart of Brittany. He will be away two or three days longer. This news completely upset me. I not only experienced the vexation of meeting with apathy and neglect where I had expected to find the warmth of devoted friendship; I had, in addition, the annoyance of returning as I went, with an empty purse. My intention was to have asked M. Laubépin to make me an advance on the three or four thousand francs which we shall have left after paying off our debts in full; for, in spite of living like a hermit since coming to Paris, the trifling sum which I managed to put aside for my journey is completely exhausted, so completely exhausted that after making a genuine pastoral breakfast this morning,

*‘Castaneæ molles et pressi copia lactis,’*

I was obliged, for my dinner this evening, to have recourse to a kind of swindle, the melancholy history of which I will here record.

‘The slenderer a man’s breakfast, the stronger his desire for dinner. I felt the full force of this axiom to-day, even before the sun had finished his course. Among the promenaders who were attracted this afternoon to the Tuileries by the mildness of the weather, and who watched the first smiles of spring playing on the marble faces of the sylvan deities, might have been noticed a man, still young, and irreproachably dressed, apparently studying the reawakening of nature with unusual anxiety. Not satisfied with devouring the fresh verdure with his gaze, it was not seldom that this person might be seen to pluck from their stems young appetizing shoots, and half-unfolded leaves, and to lift them to his lips with the curiosity of a botanist. I am in a position to assert that this alimentary resource, which had been pointed out to me by narratives of shipwreck, is of a very middling value. Still, I have enriched my experience with some interesting ideas; thus I know for the future that the leaves of the chestnut are exceedingly bitter to the taste, no less than to the heart; the rose-tree is not bad; the lime is oily and pretty agreeable; while the lilac, seasoned with pepper, is, I think, unwholesome.

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MARIE DE ROHAN

CONNÉTABLE DE LUYNES DUCHESSE DE CHEVREUSE.

Engraved by Capewell & Knudsen from the Original Portrait

DELISSER & PROCTOR.



# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

*Paris, April 20th, 185-*

THIS is the second evening that I have spent in this wretched room, looking gloomily at the empty fire-place, listening mechanically to the monotonous buzz and rolling of wheels in the street, and feeling myself, in the midst of this great city, more lonely, more deserted, and nearer to despair, than the shipwrecked sailor shivering in mid-ocean on his broken plank. Enough of this weakness! I will look my destiny in the face, to rob it of its spectral air; I will also open my heart, which is overflowing with grief, to the sole confident whose pity cannot be an insult — to that pale and last-remaining friend who looks upon me from my mirror. I will therefore write down my thoughts and my life, not with a daily and childish precision, but without any important omission, and, above all, without falsehood. I shall love this journal: it will be as it were a brotherly echo to cheat my loneliness; it will furnish me at the same time with a kind of *second conscience*, warning me to allow no trait to imprint itself upon my life which my own hand cannot steadily delineate.

I now seek in the past, with a sorrowful eagerness, for all those facts and incidents which should long ago have enlightened me, had not my eyes been closed to all illumination by filial respect, by custom, and the indifference of indolent happiness. The constant deep melancholy of my mother is now explained; I understand, too, her distaste for society; and that simple and unchanging dress of hers, which was the object sometimes of my father's sarcasms, sometimes of his anger: 'You look like a servant,' he would say.

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I could not disguise from myself that our domestic life was at times disturbed by quarrels of a more important nature ; but I was never an eye-witness of them. The angry and imperious tones of my father, the murmurs of a voice apparently entreating, stifled sobs, this was all I could hear of them. I attributed these storms to violent and ineffectual attempts to bring back my mother's inclination for the elegant and stirring life which she had loved as much as a good woman can, but into which she no longer followed my father, save with a dislike which every day made more determined. It was seldom, that after these scenes, my father did not hasten to buy some costly trinket, which my mother would find under her serviette on sitting down to table, and which she never wore. One day in mid-winter, she received from Paris a large caseful of exotics ; she thanked my father warmly, but as soon as he had left her room, I saw her slightly shrug her shoulders, and cast toward heaven a look of hopeless despair.

During my childhood and early youth, I had great respect for my father, but little enough of affection. Through the whole of that time I knew, in fact, only the dark side of his character—the only side which displayed itself in private life, for which my father was not made. Later, when my age allowed me to go with him into society, I was astonished and delighted to find in him a characteristic of which I had no suspicion. It seemed as if within the inclosure of our old family chateau, he felt himself under the weight of some fatal enchantment ; scarcely was he beyond the gates, when I saw his brow grow clear, and his chest expand—he grew young again. ‘Come, Maxime,’ he would cry, ‘now for a gallop!’ And we flew gayly over the ground. At those times he had shouts of boyish joy, an enthusiastic bearing, a nimble fancy, and a flow of feeling which charmed my young heart, and of which I would but too gladly have brought something back to my poor mother, forgotten in her corner. It was then I began to love my father ; and my tenderness for him was increased by real admiration, when I saw him in all the festivities of worldly life, in the hunting-field, at races, balls, and dinners, bringing out the sympathetic qualities of his brilliant nature. An admirable horseman, a dazzling converser, a skilful player, a fearless heart, an open hand, I regarded him as a finished type of manly grace and chivalrous nobility. He used to call himself, smiling with a kind of bitterness, the last gentleman. Such was my father in society ; but he was no sooner returned home, than my mother and I had before our eyes again only the restless, moody, violent old man.

My father's outbursts against so sweet and delicate a creature as my mother, would certainly have been revolting to me, had they not been followed by those quick returns of tenderness, and those redoubled attentions of which I have spoken. Justified in my eyes by these

Still reflecting on these discoveries, I walked in the direction of Helen's convent. On setting foot in the parlor, which I found as full as a hive, I felt more than usually deafened by the noisy chat of the young bees. Helen came in, her hair in disorder, her cheeks inflamed, and her eyes red and flashing. She held in her hand a piece of bread as long as her arm. As she kissed me with an absent air, I said: 'Well, my child, what is the matter now? You have been crying?'

'No, no, Maxime, there's nothing the matter.'

'What is it now? Come ——'

She lowered her voice. 'Oh! I am very unhappy, my poor Maxime, there.'

'Indeed! Tell me about it while you eat your bread.'

'Oh! I am sure I am not going to eat my bread; I am far too unhappy to eat. You know Lucy, Lucy Campbell, my best friend? Well, we have had a deadly quarrel.'

'Bless me! But be easy, my darling; you will be friends again, I am sure.'

'O Maxime! it's impossible, you see. Things have been too serious. It was nothing at first, but one gets warm, you know, and loses one's head. Fancy, we were playing at shuttlecock, and Lucy counted the points wrong. I had six hundred and eighty, and she had only six hundred and fifteen, and would have it she had six hundred and seventy-five. It was a little too bad, you must confess. Of course I stuck to my number, and she to hers. 'Very well, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'let us consult these young ladies; I appeal to them.' 'No, Mademoiselle,' she said, 'I am certain my number is right, and you do n't play fair.' 'Very well, Mademoiselle,' I said, 'and you are a liar!' And then she said: 'For my part, Mademoiselle, I despise you too much to answer you.' It was lucky Sister Sainte Felix came in at that moment, for I believe I should have struck her. After what has passed, you can see if it is possible for us to be friends any more. It's impossible; it would be mean. Still I can't tell you what I suffer; I do n't believe there is any body in the world so unhappy as I am.'

'Certainly, my child, it is hard to fancy a heavier misfortune than yours; but, to tell you my mind about it, you brought it on yourself a little, for the most wounding expression in the quarrel came from your mouth. Tell me, is your Lucy in the parlor?'

'Yes, there she is in the corner yonder.' And she pointed out to me, with a dignified and discreet nod of the head, a very fair-complexioned little girl, who also had inflamed cheeks and red eyes, and seemed to be giving a very attentive old lady an account of the drama which Sister Sainte Felix had so luckily interrupted. While speaking with a fire worthy of the subject, Mlle. Lucy darted from time to time a furtive glance at Helen and me.

‘Well, my dear child,’ I said, ‘have you confidence in me?’

‘Yes, I have great confidence in you, Maxime.’

‘Well, then, this is what you will do : you will go and place yourself quite gently behind Mlle. Lucy’s chair ; you will take hold of her head, like this, from behind, and kiss her on both cheeks, like that, heartily, and then you’ll see what she will do.’

Helen seemed to hesitate a few seconds, then set off in haste, and falling like a thunderbolt on Mlle. Campbell, caused her nevertheless the sweetest surprise. The two unhappy children, now united again forever, mingled their tears in a touching group, while the aged and worthy Mme. Campbell blew her nose with a sound like bagpipes.

Helen came back all radiant to find me. ‘Well, my love,’ I said to her, ‘I hope now you will eat your bread?’

‘Oh! indeed no, Maxime; I have been too much excited, you see, and besides, I must tell you a new scholar came to-day, and gave us a feast of puffs and cakes and cream chocolate, so that I’m not at all hungry. Indeed I am very much troubled, because in my distress I forgot just now to put my bread into the basket again, as we ought to do when we are not hungry at lunch, and I am afraid of being punished; but when I go through the court-yard I shall try to throw my bread down the cellar-grating, without any one seeing it.’

‘What! my little sister,’ I returned, blushing slightly, ‘you are going to throw away that great piece of bread?’

‘Well, I know it is n’t right; for perhaps some poor people would be very glad to have it; would n’t they, Maxime?’

‘Certainly they would, my dear child.’

‘But what am I to do? Poor people do n’t come in here.’

‘Let us see, Helen; you give me the bread, and I will give it in your name to the first poor man I meet: shall I?’

‘Oh! that will do!’ It struck the hour for retiring: I broke the bread in two, and ignominiously slipped the pieces into my over-coat pockets.

‘Good-by, dear Maxime,’ said the child; ‘come again, soon, won’t you? And you’ll tell me if you met a poor man and gave him my bread, and whether he liked it.’

Yes, Helen, I did meet a poor man, and gave him your bread; he carried it away like a stolen loaf to his lonely garret, and he did like it; but it was a poor man with no courage, for he wept while devouring the gift bestowed by your beloved little hands. I will tell you all this, Helen, for it is good you should know that there are heavier troubles in the world than your child troubles; I will tell you every thing, except the poor man’s name.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOTE. — To the first part of M. FEUILLET's admirable romance, undoubtedly the most interesting and exciting story of domestic life produced within the last five years, we add the following particulars from an honored correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER at Brussels :

'LE ROMAN D'UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE,' The Story of a Poor Young Man, by OCTAVE FEUILLET, is the title of a fiction which, under two distinct and even contradictory forms, has gained a success unrivalled since the palmiest days of VOLTAIRE. Having passed numerous editions as a novel, and being read by every body, it was dramatized, and after an immense run in Paris, is now performed to crowded audiences on almost every stage from which the French language is spoken. This is perhaps the first instance where a first-rate novel, without the aid of the composer, has been highly successful on the stage.

The author is yet quite a young man, but his literary career from its very outset has been distinguished by a brilliancy and good fortune seldom vouchsafed to those who woo the muse until they have passed through the fierce ordeal of disappointments, heart-sores, and despair. He never made a failure; his earliest production pleased the public, and his last has enrolled his name in letters of gold on the annals of French literature. The Empress sent for him to tell him how she had wept over his book, and then made the Emperor compliment him. From that moment every one wished to read a work that had called forth such distinguished applause.

M. FEUILLET's writings evince an almost feminine sensibility, a delicate sense of honor, a tendency to the ideal and preference for the romantic, combined with an adherence to the precepts of the realist school. You recognize the local-color; the descriptions are truthful; the incidents not too improbable; the motives are well analyzed; the actions consecutive and consistent.

This is precisely the charm of M. FEUILLET's books. The pure romantic is not suited to our matter-of-fact taste, no more than the supernatural in the plots of some old fictions: it is so difficult to create the illusion or to preserve it. We are very much inclined to ask, like children: 'But is it all true?' On the other hand, intense reality is painful. It may be interesting, instructive when wrought by a master's hand like THACKERAY's. But we like something to look up to, something that we feel is better than we are, a sort of apotheosis of frail human nature. It is the difference between science and poetry, anatomy and sculpture. Poetry becomes ridiculous when founded upon a gross absurdity in facts, sculpture grotesque when regardless of anatomical laws. M. FEUILLET, then, is a real artist who has written a 'French novel' without monstrosity of invention, immorality of conception — a French novel without flippancy, irreverence, or scoffing. He is entitled to honor and success.

Personally, he is a singular instance of how frequently genius loves to pair with eccentricity. A martyr to nervous sensitiveness, he shrinks from contact with the world. He cannot cross a bridge without spasms, and it is said has never gone from his side of the Seine to the other. He has never in his life entered a railway carriage. When the Emperor invited him to Compiègne, the Court carriages were sent for him, as he could not be induced to take an hour's ride in the cars, even to figure among the distinguished guests at the imperial *fêtes*.

## H E S P E R I A .

FOREVER westward rolls the sun,  
And ever westward sweep the skies ;  
The heavenly courses there are run,  
Where, clad in gold, the evening lies.

So march the nations toward the west ;  
Across the mountains, o'er the streams ;  
As toward some bright Elysian rest,  
The tribes of earth pursue their dreams,  
But from the world's expectant eyes  
The land of sun-sets, yet afar,  
On glimmering wings forever flies,  
Alluring toward the evening star.

But shall this vision, in its flight,  
Ne'er list the wooing voice of Time ?  
Shall not HESPERIA on the sight  
Arise resplendent and sublime ?  
Behold, upon the evening seas,  
Three lonely barques, in strange suspense,  
Are rocking in the western breeze,  
That wafts the smell of continents.

A light ! a light ! far gleaming through the night,  
On seas unknown,  
In a nameless zone,  
Like the opening glimpse of some unveiled delight,  
It flashes golden mysteries on the sight.

And when on Morning's cloudy altar Dawn  
Her rosy incense burned, and golden smoke  
Enwreathed the Day on flaming axle drawn,  
A New World on Colombo's vision broke,  
That flashed prophetic glories far and bright,  
Eclipsing morn's serene and orient light :  
Before him unknown regions stretch afar ;  
Above him HESPER burns — his guiding star.

A world is found, where, lost in golden dreams,  
HESPERIA sleeps, amid her murmuring streams :  
Embedded queenly on enchanted plains,  
She sleeps in beauty 'twixt two guarding mains.



About her couch the whispering forests lean ;  
And mountain shadows round the sylvan scene  
Their curtains hang, where dreamy water-falls  
Their slumberous music pour through leafy halls.

While thrones are flashing in the eastern realms,  
And war, with flaming shields and glittering helms,  
Is rocking earth beneath his thundering tread,  
The West with twilight shades is overspread,  
The fall of Empires and the din of Time  
Have waked no echoes in this sun-set clime :  
The Ages here have moved with noiseless pace,  
Nor left a shadow on HESPERIA'S face.

Before this sepulchre of nations stands  
COLUMBUS, great discoverer of lands !  
About him visions of the future wait,  
Like purple glories round the morning's gate ;  
Which at his potent sign,  
In one resplendent line  
Of deeds triumphant, shall advance to grace  
The youngest nation of the human race.

The car of Conquest halts upon the shore,  
And flings a gleam of arms on realms before  
Unknown ; where coming years shall lift their bright  
And starry ensigns in the bannered light.  
HISPANIA'S sun illumines the Aztec's tomb ;  
Her flaming triumphs light his fearful gloom :  
While Christians lift the Holy Cross on high,  
Beneath the arching of this Western sky.

And thus the dream of nations is revealed,  
The mystery of ages is unsealed ;  
While earth's Eternal KING  
Is stooping now to fling  
The portals of the sun-set wide,  
And mankind to their Eden guide.

The voice of chosen Genius calls the land  
Of shadows forth with Eastern realms to stand.  
And lo ! COLUMBIA comes arrayed sublime :  
A crown of stars upon her head ;  
A continent beneath her spread,  
Begirded by the fruitful zones ;  
While round her dance to sweetest tones  
The blooming Seasons : with the chime  
Of tuneful Nature comes this fairest clime,  
And seals to earth the proudest morn of Time.

## OVER THE PAHRI:

A FRAGMENTARY LEGEND OF SAN-FRANCISCO.

WHILE as yet there remained a sentiment of Sundayness in its season to the suburbs of San-Francisco, before that sordid, thankless El Dorado had hustled the green fields on the north, with all their home-suggestiveness, all their ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, into the Bay; while as yet the Presidio, the Lagoon, or the Mission San-Dolores was full of picturesque recreation for hebdomadal excursionists, who, for an hour of congenial companionship, or delicious aloneness, might give their hearts an airing, and treat themselves to a brimmer of the old familiar feelings, putting the Satan-City behind them; while as yet the comfortable Dutch clock ticked conservatively, as if for all time, in the old Switzer's house hard by Washerwoman's-Bay, and that hospitable gray-beard laid the solid board with pork and greens of his own raising, and the fat Frau Mamma set the musical-box going, and said if Captain Sutter would only drop in now, 'dat was pesser as coot be;' while as yet Frank Schaeffer had a chop and hot punch, and a gentlemanly game, and a 'shake-down' for his friends, in the snug adobe cottage whither no insolent street had come; while as yet there was a small but commodious grave-yard to get away to, wherein you might lie, if so disposed, without crowding, and be readily found as often as any sentimental friend might think your rude head-board worth the walk and a sigh; while as yet the presence of the First Lady illumined Frank Ward's home at night, and blessed the darkness round about it: in those days, I took Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft by the hand every Sunday afternoon, and said to him:

'COME thou with me —

If from gray dawn to solemn night's approach

Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,

Toiling and panting for a little gold,

Drudging amid the very lees of life

For this accursed slave that makes men slaves —

Come thou with me into the pleasant fields:

Let Nature breathe on us and make us free.'

And so we made our Sabbaths—in giddy equestrian scamperings to the Presidio or the Mission; or sitting on a great stone, paddling with our naked feet in the waters of the North Bay; or pantingly climbing Telegraph-Hill, to take the seaward and mountainward views from its summit; or leaning over the rude railing of some rare inclosure in that true type of a frontier grave-yard, almost enjoying the precious quiet of the dead, released from the hurly-burly that fairly drove us living distraught.

There was naught more Californian in our quick experience of the metropolitanish bustle at our backs, than in this necropolis of 'Forty-Nine.' It numbered not many citizens, for only the richest of us could afford the luxury of extramural interment, with its sentiment of privacy and plausible security from disturbance. A grave cost sixty dollars, and one got but a clumsy hole at that price; a coffin of the roughest boards not less than thirty, and your hasty hearsing in a mule-cart as much more; a priest, if you must be extravagant, taxed you an ounce or two, and it was but short measure of farewell benediction you got for that: as for your 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' a practical demonstration of the formula, by the most irreverent of shovel-flirters, came to ten dollars; and your lop-sided cross or rough-hewn head-board of knotty pine, painted white, and inscribed by the least expert of black-letterers with the little that was known of you, ('— SMITH, Maryland; aged —. Died, July 4th, 1849,') was an 'ounce' for monument and legend.

So we showed but few tablets in memory of us; for, however munificent we Old Californians may have been in our golden lives, we stood no nonsense in our iron deaths.

Nor was our thriving little City of the Dead by any means sacredly forbidden to the sacrilegious shifts of unscrupulous speculators; for gentlemen's sons, 'cleaned out at monte,' or otherwise 'dead broke,' were wont to live on corpses at a pinch, selling ready-made graves, guaranteed against squatters, to other gentlemen's sons *deader* broke than themselves, for three ounces a-piece. And when 'Bones,' of the 'Aguila de Oro,' bethought him of investing his surplus pile in a hearse and pall, with the appropriate 'properties,' he found he had 'struck as pretty a streak of luck,' he said, 'as the next man could scare up.'

'Now, why should we fash ourselves,' homilied the philosophic Krafft among the streets of that Silent City: 'why should we fash ourselves for Colton-grants and government-reserves, and sites at the head of navigation? Are we not nice and dead, and comfortably disposed, as gentlemen of independent leisure, who may take their ease in their snuggest of inns? Why should we fash ourselves for our twelve per cent a month, and our collateral securities, or for the unceremonious fellows who will be squatting on our darling fifty-varas, regardless of Spanish titles and American revolvers? Why should we fash ourselves for the price of lumber that is rising, or the fire that is waiting for our flimsy tenement, or the rent that is not paid, or our heart that would surely have been broken by-and-by? Are we not commodiously quartered here, and every way cosily and decently disposed? Are not our lodgings of the cheapest, and our fare free, and our landlord

liberal, and ourselves at rest — nice and dead ; nice and buried ? Is not our claim sure ? Why should we fash ourselves ?

‘Thy house is not  
Highly timbered :  
It is unhigh and low.  
When thou art therein  
The heel-ways are low.  
The side-ways unhigh ;  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh :  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.  
Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends :  
Thou hast no friend  
Who will come to thee ;  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee.’

‘*Mais, que voulez vous ?* Thou hast made thy fortune, thy *pile of dust* : why shouldst thou fash thyself ?’ asked Mr. Karl Joseph Krafft. ‘Yesterday,’ he said, ‘I bought a water-lot — that top-sail schooner lies at anchor there ; but for all that, here’s a butterfly. Yesterday my bark came from Valparaiso, and brought me a cargo of ponchos and serapes. No sale for ponchos and serapes ; but what of that ? there goes a fellow singing —

‘I set my heart upon nothing, you see :  
Hurrah !’

‘Why should we fash ourselves ?’

Thus to quote with an odd aptness, almost comical, bits of quaint verse and snatches of foreign song, was one of Mr. Krafft’s peculiar accomplishments.

Once, on one of these Sunday saunters, we were returning townward from a visit to the old Switzer already alluded to ; Mr. Krafft had been more than usually characteristic and entertaining, fitting himself, with his infallible cosmopolitan faculty, to the place and the occasion with the grotesquest Alpine legends and fag-ends of Tyrolese ditties ; now quizzing the Dutch clock, now teasing the parrot ; anon gracious to our revered host, or gallant to the comfortable *frau*, and winning both simple hearts with eloquent praises of their dear Captain Sutter, who, to their compatriotic pride, stood for every thing that was great and glorious.

As we leisurely followed the breezy road that is now Sansome-street,

toward the cluster of canvas houses and blue tents that formed the north-western outskirt of San-Francisco then, we halted to contemplate a neat white cottage of tiled adobes that stood apart from any other dwelling, in a refreshing garden-spot cleared from the bush, on the right of, and a little lower than the road.

A very fly in amber was that tremendous little homestead, and 'how the devil it got there' the very duet of wonder that rose to our lips. There was a pretty white paling in good repair, and two sun-flowers and a hollyhock, and a plucky morning-glory climbing desperately at the back-door; and there was a brood of adolescent fowls, and a demure dog, of mastiff extraction but mild demeanor, somnolently filling the sunniest of the flags that made the truly imposing pavement in front; and there were drab paper curtains, of a chaste pattern at all the windows; the green paint of the doors was fresh and smart; homely, comfortable smoke ascended from the chimney, and hung in fond delay over all the house; and the declining sun made a golden benediction at the portal.

As lost in astonished satisfaction we contemplated this phenomenon in white-washed adobes, the tones of a manly and cultivated voice — clear, ringing, and measured, as of one reading aloud or reciting — fell upon our ears, and I recognized the quaint charm of Roscoe's Dirge:

'Oh! dig a grave! and dig it deep,  
Where I and my true-love may sleep!  
*We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,  
Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep!*

'And let it be five fathom low,  
Where winter winds may never blow!  
*And it shall be five fathom low,  
Where winter winds shall never blow!*

By the time the voice had got thus far, the sympathetic intelligence of Mr. Krafft had caught the trick of the verse, albeit new to him — that weird echo of repetition, its *ding-dong-bellish* burthen; and descending lightly from the road, he stepped over the prostrate dog, that listlessly stirred its tail and pointed one ear as he passed, and the next moment stood in his oddest, but still graceful attitude of philosophic attention, at the door, which happened to be a hand's-breadth ajar. The voice continued:

AND let it be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain-daffodil!  
*And it shall be on yonder hill,  
Where grows the mountain-daffodil!*

And this time the refrain was rung in pairs, as it were — Mr. Krafft joining the witch-like music of his peculiar chaunt, to complete that strange vocal chime:

'The rhyiming and the chiming of the bells.'

For a minute the voice was still: perhaps the reader had paused to explain the mysterious phenomenon; but there was no stir within, and presently again, very slowly, very clearly, as though to challenge or invite the echo:

‘AND plant it round with holy briers,  
To fright away the fairy fires!’

With impressive deliberation and a most weird remoteness of tone, that might have been ventriloquial, Mr. Krafft responded, the voice within waiting solemnly for the token:

‘We’l plant it round with ho-ly briers,  
To fright a-way the fai-ry fi-res!’

‘And set it round with celandine  
And nodding heads of columbine!’

(Mr. Krafft — and so on to the end:)

‘We’ll set it round with cel-an-dine  
And nod-ding heads of col-um-bine!’

‘And let the ruddock build his nest  
Just above my true-love’s breast!  
*The rud-dock he shall build his nest  
Just a-bove thy true-love’s breast!’*

‘Now, tender friends, my garments take,  
And lay me out, for JESUS’ sake!  
*And we will now thy gar-ments take,  
And lay thee out, for Jesus’ sake!*

‘When I am dead, and buried be,  
Pray to God in heaven for me!  
*Now thou art dead, we’ll bury thee,  
And pray to God in heaven for thee!  
Benedicite!’*

and the door was flung wide. Mr. Krafft bowed, cap off, to an intellectual-looking man, of thirty years perhaps, in dressing-gown and slippers, and with a large carved meerschauum-pipe in his hand.

‘God save all here!’ said Mr. Krafft.

‘You are welcome,’ responded the stranger, smiling. ‘It is to you, Sir, then, that I am indebted for my echo—a graceful trick, poetically conceived and happily executed: my dirge were much too earthy without it—the airy element so essential to complete its sprightliness; and you would seem to be the very Ariel for the occasion. But how came you here?’

‘Merely idly, almost impertinently, Sir. But you have sights and sounds about you that one may not easily get by, if his eye and ear be scholarly, and his heart true to the old familiar memories. Sun-



flowers and holyhocks, cosy curtains and a genial chimney, and the tenderest of lyrics delivered in the fine declamation of a *bel esprit*, are not common-places as yet in our El Dorado: they are the goldsmith's work, as dainty and *rococo* as Benvenuto Cellini's among our crude ore. Is the dirge your own?

'My own, Sir? Oh! no: I am but the common singer of another's dainty strains. But enter—enter! while I persuade the fire to join me in a cheerful welcome; for these ungentle blasts from the sea, which come every day another day too often, still take one's blood by surprise.'

'Let us congratulate ourselves,' said Mr. Krafft in a philosophic aside to me, as our interesting discovery fell back from the door: 'it's to be hoped he's cracked—one of those entertaining, ever-fresh creatures known as 'madmen,' because they are more free than other men, and have a way of their own, with their wise surprises, eloquent incoherencies, and other such intellectual zig-zagry. But let us not fash ourselves for that yet: there are cracks that let in the light, you know; and his, no doubt, is one of them. We shall see.'

The fact is, my eccentric friend cultivated a hearty penchant for more or less crazy people, and himself the oddest of humanity, hailed the faintest trace of oddness as to opinion, language, or manners in another, as a promise of congenial companionship. In the graceful, affable, and evidently enlightened proprietor of the holyhocks, the drab curtains, and the canary-bird, he discovered lively signs of that 'zig-zagry' he so fancied, and he rejoiced accordingly. For an above-the-average man, of pure tastes, and elegantly nurtured, to be so housed, so surrounded, so attired, and so employed in San-Francisco in 'Forty-Nine,' he must (he argued) be either very great, very rich, or very mad: if he were very great, he would pretend to know us; if he were very rich, we should be sure to know him: he is therefore either here because he is mad, or mad because he is here. But let us enter, and sympathize with him as well as men may who labor under the disadvantages of a stupid sanity.

Well, at the end of an hour we came forth again, and took the way to town; a ripple of soothing, silver talk was in our ears, only broken by small tumults of refined eloquence or melodious falls of verse and song—what else? Merely the harmonies of a delicate spirit, and the ineffaceable impressions of a presence to which nothing of disclosure or discovery attached itself, by way of explanation, to make it common-place: simply a name—Philip Grey of New-Orleans—no more. The cottage, the canary-bird, the curtains, the comfortable dog remained for us to 'fash' our wits about, in all the romantic 'zig-zagry' of adventurous guessing.

'Philip Grey!' talked Mr. Krafft in his waking-walking sleep.

‘And that is all.’

‘And that should be enough. Let us not look our glorious gift-horse in the mouth.’

‘But the zig-zaggy, my friend?’

‘We will not fash ourselves for that. If the gentleman is not mad, it is not because he lacks the acquirements and tastes to be so, gracefully. He has mind enough to rave, and he would rave delightfully. Only a name, that’s true; but ‘Philip Grey’ is a fair romance to find on a Sunday saunter, between the wild restlessness of that city and the wild rest of those disordered graves.’

Oahu, of the Hawaiian group, is an insular paradise, and the loveliest vales of earth have nothing to surpass the loveliness of its Nuuanu valley. The Nuuanu road, leading from the many-tribed town of Honolulu, is a primrose path of dalliance and delight; and like too many such paths in the heart’s garden of allurement, it terminates abruptly in a headlong precipice—the Pahri—sheer down, I dare not try to remember how many hundred feet; but when last I stood on its brink, clouds enveloped me like a cloak, the wayward Undine of water-fall on the right was chapleted with a gay iris, and the great stone I tossed over into the abyss might be falling to this hour, for any sound of bottom it sent up.

When King Kamehameha, first of the name, ‘The Solitary One,’ hero and usurper, drove his enemies at the points of his flashing spears, foot by foot through that heartless garden, which mocked their death-hour with all its rainbows and cascades and flowers, he staid not till he stood in terrible triumph on the dizzy edge of the Pahri, whence the last of his foes, wincing from his lance-point, had flung himself, with all his warlike harness on, into mid-air with a yell; and ever since, ten thousand skeletons have bleached among the pleasant plantains down below.

One excelling night in June, 1850, that glorious leap was surpassed in completeness of effect, by a solitary aspirant to the fame of a consummation so imposing. A gay and handsome horseman—horse and man alike possessed of a desperate devil—rode out through the cool, bland moonlight of that mocking vale, leading in a dance of death the four-footed measure of his bewitched steed. He flung back the laughter of the water-falls with dreadful glee, and defied the fire-flies with the uncanny glitter of his eyes—still dancing, singing on; till the mad beast braced himself on the brink of the Pahri, and pawed the very edge with his daring hoof. Then the gay and handsome gentleman uncovered his head; and as the dewy breeze from the remotely-sounding sea tossed his brown locks in the moon-light, he flung a parting stave to the world:

‘To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,  
 In every danger my course I’ve run ;  
 Now hope all ending, and Death befriending,  
 His last aid lending, my cares are done.’

Turning his horse, he rode back a hundred yards :

‘No more a rover, or hapless lover,  
 My griefs are over, my glass runs low ;  
 Then for that reason, and for a season,  
 Let us be merry before we go!’

And again he faced the Pahri :

‘Let us be merry before we go—o—o!’

A fierce plunge of the spurs ; a cap dashed to the ground ; a wild cheer ; a sharp scream from the horse ; a dark mass flung straight out in the face of the moon ; a keen whizzing, piercing to sky and sea ; a mighty crash of boughs and branches, down, down, down below — and then again the happy tinkle of the water-fall, the bland mocking of the moon, the genial prattle of crickets !

Hurrah for Philip Grey ! whoever, whatever he was. Mr. Krafft was right about the zig-zagry.

#### L I T E R A R Y P U F F I N G

In letters we observe a lengthened sway  
 Of an ill custom, which must pass away ;  
 Since, while it lasts, it makes each little clod,  
 Whose fingers scribble, deem himself a god.  
 It was not so, I ween, in DRYDEN’s time,  
 Not so when BURKE developed the sublime,  
 Not so when JOHNSON swooped on eagle’s wings,  
 And GIFFORD’s satire slew all authorlings ;  
 Not so, when Scotch reviewers, English bards  
 Were cut and shuffled like a pack of cards ;  
 Not so, in fine, when books were really read,  
 And what was said about them truly said.

The *fashion* now with critics is to puff ;  
 They ‘damn,’ like MACBETH, him who cries ‘enough ;’  
 But keep on puffing till they can no more —  
 Having exhausted all their windy store,  
 And poured out praises without stop or stint —  
 All lead being gold that issues through their mint.  
 If one, more honest, ever dare to blame,  
 Packs of pert puppies whimper at his name ;

And every bardling, who the lash has felt,  
 Prints paper pellets and prepares to pelt —  
 And each conductor of a paltry sheet  
 Writes awful things, his ruin to complete;  
 Warns the community that spite and spleen  
 And gall and envy make his pen so keen;  
 That when he proves a book is thin and poor  
 'T is personal envy of the 'great obscure,'  
 And in his heart some vengeful motive lurks  
 When he finds fault with Mister NOODLE's works.  
 Enormous quack! because you never had  
 The judgment to distinguish good from bad,  
 Or wish the public — easy dupe! — to gull  
 Into the reading of what's tame and dull,  
 Think you no man has courage to be true,  
 For the TRUTH's sake, unawed by such as you?  
 Puff, if you will, until your bellows burst,  
 But yet (see SHAKESPEARE) do not be so 'curst,'  
 As to impugn that criticism fair,  
 Which calls geese, *geese*, and dunces — what they are.

This fashion to extol all books alike  
 Is apt to foster dulness and to strike  
 At real talents, which, like flowers, refuse  
 To grow where weeds are nurtured by those dews  
 That on their leaves and blooms alone should fall;  
 Let us be just, or never praise at all.  
 The nightingale, 't is said, refused to sing:  
 'Why?' asked a critic who praised every thing;  
 'Because, great sir,' the nightingale replied,  
 With very proper dignity and pride,  
 'Because the frogs, of whom you rave and rant,  
 Make such a constant croaking that I can't.'

We never shall in literature excel  
 Till we have critics who can *winnow* well;  
 No wonder that our British neighbors laugh  
 At the few grains among our heaps of chaff,  
 When to preserve the chaff we take vast pains,  
 But to their own salvation leave the grains.  
 When it shall be our *fashion* to bestow  
 On real genius the rewards we owe;  
 When mediocrity wins not the prize,  
 And small pretensions cease to blind our eyes;  
 When we find out that imitation's stuff,  
 And the true critic's business, not to puff —  
 Then shall we have, but never until then,  
 Men who can write both prose and verse like *men*.

## MR. JOLLYGREEN'S WESTERN TOUR.

CALEB JOLLYGREEN took great credit to himself for having, as he thought, effectually cured his nephew and myself of literary ambition. For my own part, I had followed Uncle Caleb's advice, which he knew, while I also followed my own bent, which he did not know. A prominent compiler of price-currents had applied to honest Caleb for a clerk to assist him, and the old gentleman, with many doubts of my accepting such a 'snug little opening,' had recommended me. I was very glad to obtain the place, as it insured me a living, while it occupied about half my time in the currents' dingy den, leaving the other half for literary dissipation, and dreams of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces. When I went to Caleb to inform him of my good fortune, he was seized with other doubts; he begged me to listen seriously to what he was about to say, and then implored me, as I valued the good opinion of all Front-street, on no account whatever ever to suffer fancy to dictate the price of any article, even in so small a shade as an eighth per cent. Truth, and not fancy, must rule in all business matters; in short, the methodical man was afraid that I would rely upon imagination for my facts, and that quotations of lard, viewed through a poetic magnifying-glass, might be rated half a cent too high, and thus create serious disaster in the provision line. Reassuring Uncle Caleb, I took up my quarters in the current-office, and soon from week to week presented such accurate reports of the markets, that he regarded me as a model reformed man; he sent a dozen beef-tongues to my landlady for my especial eating, and frequently afterward, as if to convince me that in my former case I never could have paid for them, asked if I did not feel more comfortable while turning an honest penny, than when I had no prospects but starvation in literater. Kind Caleb! how it would have grieved him had he known that even then I was meditating the final scenes of my novel, and planning an attack on the very firm of Appleton and Company, who had silenced Gustavus Vasa with such consummate diplomacy.

About this time Uncle Caleb made a move in life very unwillingly; a move not at all to his taste, out of Greenwich-street far above his old familiar haunts into Twentieth-street. Vainly did Caleb urge delay, and offer even an increased rent to be allowed to stay; his landlord insisted on pulling down the house and one or two adjoining, to build upon the site some gigantic pile bringing in a correspondingly gigantic income. Caleb thought that he had fallen upon evil days; he knew nobody in his smart neighborhood; it was an immense distance down to Trinity Church, which he obstinately refused to desert for Trinity

Chapel, only five squares off, and having peculiar attractions for nephew Jollygreen in the splendor of the prayer-books, the silken rustle of its stylish lady worshippers, and the architectural embellishments of the interior; said interior a combination of gilding and colors something between a Broadway confectioner's window at Christmas and the gewgaws of a Chinese joss-house—a style introduced with great success to high-church building committees by the late lamented monk-architect, A. Welby Pugin, Esq. Caleb would not even go to look at the chapel, though Gustavus Vasa, after attending on Sunday afternoons, spoke with enthusiasm of altar-cloths and draperies, talked of turning some of his leisure time to the study of church architecture, and borrowed of one of the vestry, Mr. Pugin's 'Glossary of ecclesiastical ornament and costume.' Caleb insisted that it would all end in Gustus' going over to Rome; and pointing to the volume, said he hoped to see the day again come round when all such Popish mummeries would be drummed out of every sound Protestant parish.

But his nephew's defection to Rome was not to be the cause of Uncle Caleb's trouble. The new neighborhood proved more dangerous: it inspired Gustavus Vasa with a taste for good society. He saw much more of fine broadcloth and rich silks than about the purlieus of Greenwich-street: he was not able to keep his carriage, but he often said how nice it was to come up in the avenue cars to dinner; and what was better still, on account of the distance from the bacon-store, Caleb was forced to alter his dinner hour from half-past one to five o'clock, and not return after that time to his counting-room. This he declared a heathenish fashion, although obliged to conform to it, while the sudden change from his mid-day meal cost him a six months' fit of dyspepsia. The nephew, however, was delighted; in the winter evenings he visited a few families with marriagable daughters, who initiated him into the mysteries of the 'Lancers;' with their brothers he formed a little whist club, and indulged now and then in a surreptitious game of poker; while with mammas and papas looking keenly to the future and to the probabilities of their being grand-parents one of these days, he went on swimmingly. They regarded him as a young gentleman of unblemished character and great expectations, and said that if his Uncle Caleb would obstinately wear a blue gingham coat and plush slippers in warm weather, he merely displayed the eccentricities of a sound and independent mind. The great crisis came and went; several of the neighbors, friends of young Jolly's, went down with it, but the house of Jowl and Jollygreen stood firm, apparently not even ruffled. This only gave the papas and mammas of Twentieth-street and vicinity a still higher opinion of both uncle and nephew. Nephew now believed himself on the high road to fashion and the exclusive moneyocracy of Fifth-avenue and Madison-square. He clothed in purple and



fine linen ; he put on little dog-collars and half-inch neck-ties ; he wore saffron-colored kids on Sunday afternoons when he carried a lady and a prayer-book to Trinity Chapel. In the morning Caleb insisted on his going with him down to old Trinity, and then the gloves had to be of sober hue. 'It's so unfashionable at all the down-town churches,' murmured Gustavus.

'I do n't care whether it's unfashionable or not ; do you think God ALMIGHTY can't hear prayers from the lower end of Broadway as well as those put up in Twenty-fifth Street ?' stoutly urged the uncle.

A growing dislike of trade now crept into Gustavus Vasa's bosom, the demon of fashion nestled there, and began sneering at bacon, and even 'neat little speculations in leaf-lard ;' he whispered to Gustavus of clubs, and dinners, champagne, pic-nics, and matinées. He hinted to the aspirant to darken his upper-lip, and to sign his name G. Vasa Jollygreen ; but both of these suggestions were foiled by Uncle Caleb. He declared most positively that no one should sign account currents in his counting-room in any such manner, and instanced young Tompkins, sent to Sing-Sing last week for forging a draft on George Peabody and Company, all, as Caleb averred, growing out of his taste for fashion, which first became manifest when he ceased to write his signature as plain John T. and substituted for it J. Templeton. As to his nephew's 'capillary attractions,' he hooted at them, saying truly that there could be no possible affinity between mess-pork and a *mus-tash*, as he would call it.

The 'packing' season was now at its height, and as Jowl and Jollygreen had extensive connections in the west, it was determined to send out some one to look after their interests. Gustavus had a strong passion for travel, and on his solemnly promising to abjure mustaches, yellow kids, and signet rings, he was dispatched on his errand, one of strict business nature. I was not aware of his departure until I received from him the following letter, dated Cincinnati :

'MY DEAR MORTIMER, my once bosom-friend, and still very dear to me, although our circumstances have of late altered. Think not, my Eugene, if you have harbored the thought, that my removal from Greenwich-street to the airy regions of upper-town has tended to rarify my feelings of regard for you. Never ! and no change of fortunes shall blot your image from my memory. You clung to me through the brief but checkered hour of my unfortunate literary life, and in turn I will not desert you, now that I have gained access to the most distinguished society, to that indeed far higher than any of which our country can boast ; and you may judge of my continued confidence when informed, as you are now, of my contemplated alliance with a lady of the noble house of Cavendish, the heads of which family are

the Dukes of Devonshire. You will of course not mention a word of this to Uncle Caleb at present; I wish to completely surprise him when all is arranged for the happy event.'

'You will doubtless wonder at my good fortune and at the manner of my presentation to Lord Cavendish and his friends, including his highly-accomplished and lovely sister, who repaid my attention from the first with the most encouraging and winning smiles. I will proceed to relate in detail how I became acquainted with the illustrious party who are here staying at the Burnet House, and with whom I have passed a fortnight of the most delightful character, rendered still more exquisite by the charms of the beautiful and aristocratic Lady Annabella Fitzroy D'Eyncourt Cavendish:

'One of the houses at which I visit in Twentieth-street, you know is that of Mr. Howard—Mr. Percy Howard—an English gentleman who justly prides himself on his family, claiming kindred, in a remote degree to be sure, with the Duke of Norfolk; and he once showed me in the peerage, that in England the Howards stand in the front rank of the nobility next to the blood royal. 'If you doubt my relationship, Sir,' Mr. Howard has often said, 'there is the Howard coat-of-arms,' when he would point to it, hanging over the mantle and splendidly emblazoned. If any thing could further have assured me, it was hearing his frequent quotation of

'WHAT can ennoble fools, or slaves, or cowards!  
Not even all the blood of all the HOWARDS.'

Had he not been connected with them, he never would have dared to quote this distich, but there is a magnanimity and courage in noble lineage, which we in vain look for among grovelling traders. Is it not a little singular, this coincidence, that on my first *entrée* to the fashionable world, I should have become intimately associated with members of the two proudest ducal houses of Great Britain? While at Mr. Howard's one evening, he was much affected by reading from a paper the news of the death of three young English noblemen, who had been travelling in the far west, and had been overpowered and slain in an attack by hostile Indians. The next evening, however, the report was contradicted, and Mr. Howard was even more overcome by the joyful news than he had been previously by the mournful intelligence. I never saw a man more affected; he actually shed tears, and was not restored until he had drained to the bottom a large tankard full of ale. 'Mr. Jollygreen,' said he, 'pardon my emotion, but in my youth I passed many happy days at Chatsworth and Arundel Castle, the ancestral seats of these young nobles, and their names recalled too pointedly the images of their sires, my most chosen friends. This tankard you behold,' he added, handing to me the ancient silver one on which the

Howard arms were still dimly traceable, 'was given to me on leaving England by the late Duke of Norfolk. When Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, was in this country, about fifteen years ago, he dined with me, and recognizing the tankard, told me that it corresponded precisely with several in his own collection, which had belonged to our remote but common ancestor 'Belted Will.' Upon hearing this interesting fact, I immediately informed Mr. Howard that I was going to the west, that nothing would delight me more than to make the acquaintance of Lord Cavendish and his friends Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley, and begged him on the strength of his former intimacy, and the relations which I knew must exist between the Howards and Cavendishes, to give me a letter of introduction to the party. Mr. Howard grasped my hand; he said he would do any thing in his power to serve me, but that there were circumstances which would forbid his giving a letter: he referred darkly to some hidden passage of his life, which delicacy required should be kept secret. I respected his feelings, and did not press the matter, assured from Mr. Howard's well-known connections in England, that Lord Cavendish, without any letter of introduction, would be happy to greet me as his friend. Indeed Mr. Howard's strong emotions again overcame him; he was obliged again to have recourse to the tankard, and in that attitude I left him. But can you actually believe what I tell you of Uncle Caleb, when I related to him this touching episode! 'Fiddlestick!' said he; declared he had seen that very tankard at Tiffany and Company's; even went to such a length as to say that Mr. Howard was probably a natural son of some Lord Howard, or that he might have been second cousin to the Duke's butler, or even one of his kitchen-gardeners. Oh! the degradation of trade, the narrowness of mind produced by it! I could make no reply, but in scornful silence thought, how illiberal!

Well, I started on my tour, having many charges from Uncle Caleb as to investments in lard, pork, beef, joles, bulk-middles, wool, and live-geese feathers. He advised me to explore thoroughly the Western Reserve country, and endeavor to make favorable contracts for butter to be delivered in the spring. I had also letters of introduction to several Cincinnati firms. You cannot imagine with what disgust I listened to all these details, filled as my soul already was with visions of Chatsworth, Arundel Castle, noble dukes and earls, coronets and heraldic insignia. Nothing worthy of note happened until I reached this hotel, the Burnet House, although at each place on the way I inquired for Lord Cavendish, and thoroughly examined the papers to learn his whereabouts. But I was indeed gratified the morning after my arrival here, on turning over the leaves of the register, to find a page or two back the very names I was in search of; F. Cavendish and E. Ashley. At first, however, I thought I must be wrong, being

much astonished that they did not write down their names and titles in full, but I was assured by the clerk that they were those of the English nobles, and for thus signing themselves he pronounced them 'sensible men.' I was strongly tempted to rebuke him for calling them 'men,' knowing how indignant they would be if they heard him. I then told him that I was charmed to find Lord Cavendish, and asked him to send up to his room, as I desired to introduce myself to him. He abruptly refused to take my card, and advised me 'not to make a great fool of myself.' Rage for some moments choked my utterance, but at length I told him the whole story of Mr. Howard, his former life at Chatsworth, and the memorial tankard. He did not say a word in reply, but opened his left eye very wide with his fore-finger and thumb. His motions being quite incomprehensible, I concluded that he was either drunk or a lunatic, and determined to report him to the owners of the hotel, while I lost no time in searching for Lord Cavendish.

While engaged in this conversation with the clerk of the Burnet House, leaning against one of the pillars of its ample hall, and gazing intently at the large painting of the man sitting on a rock in the midst of the ocean, with the body of a drowned female at his feet, I saw a gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion. He wore bright yellow kid gloves, with a brilliant diamond ring on the outside of one of them, a large pin of the same costly material glittered upon his shirt-front, his beard and mustaches were of the most luxuriant growth and elegant training, and in his whole face and bearing there was the proud yet indefinable and quite indescribable look of one born to command. Surely, I thought on passing him several times without eliciting his glance, 'it must be Lord Cavendish!' Nor did I mistake, for I saw him whisper to the clerk and then follow me along the corridor to the gentleman's drawing-room, when seeing that no one was in it but ourselves, he took my hand and introduced himself. He told me that he had seen my name upon the book, and had accidentally overheard the conversation with the clerk; that he should at once have spoken to me, but for the strict orders he had given to the clerk to preserve his incognito, and that was the cause of the faithful fellow's extraordinary behavior. He also told me that Mr. Howard had acted in my behalf in the most generous manner, that he had that morning received a letter from him referring to his ancient friendship with the Cavendishes, and begging to recommend me. He had felt unwilling to give me a letter to him, owing to the delicate nature of the clause in his life which he had vaguely hinted at, and which Lord Cavendish himself now touchingly alluded to in the same mysterious manner. Imagine my satisfaction at discovering all this, which I had repeated aloud to the clerk, corroborated so precisely by Mr. Howard's letter.

There could be no deception of course. I could not doubt Lord Cavendish's word, especially as he sat down to the desk at once, to answer Mr. Howard's letter, saying that he would take it to the post-office himself. I offered to hand it to the clerk, but his lordship said if I did so that functionary would know that he had revealed himself to me, and that his incognito would be compromised. I did not perceive the point before, but was charmed by this proof of keen discrimination and delicate tact.

One slight doubt yet remained upon my mind, but I frankly unbosomed myself to Lord Cavendish, and, as I had expected, it was dispelled. I told him of my surprise that he did not wear his coronet and velvet robes as all British noblemen do, and as I had seen in the pictures of the coronation of George the Fourth, that superb folio which you know I have at home, and which so enraged Uncle Caleb when he found out that I had paid seventy-five dollars for it. I knew that when the nobility of England walked abroad, they assumed citizen's dress, in order to avoid the rude gaze of the mob, but that within-doors, and especially while driving in Hyde Park, they wore of right their full dresses of rank. What else should be the meaning of 'coroneted carriages?' Lord Cavendish assured me that I was right; he told me that he had his coronet and robes of estate with him, also his order of the garter, he being one of the Knights; that these things were packed up in his trunk now, but he would show them to me during my stay. He did not wear them in deference to our American democratic institutions; and told me that on his arrival in Boston, and appearing at the dinner-table of the Revere-House, wearing, as usual, merely his coronet and the order of the Golden Goose, such a sensation was created that his modesty was overcome, and he was obliged to retire from the room. In Montreal and Quebec he had of course worn them without exciting remark, and he still kept them with him, he said, for his presentation to Mr. Buchanan when he should visit Washington. I was anxious to find out if the Boston snob had visited him, as Boston snobs are always sure to be intimate with noblemen if they can; and on describing this one, expressing my dislike for him, his Lordship told me in confidence that he had been greatly annoyed by his pertinacious attentions. I then informed him how I had been treated in regard to my lectures; Lord Cavendish warmly espoused my part, and declared at once that he would never again speak to the Athenian snob. How intensely enraged the Bostonian will be, when he discovers my connection with the illustrious Cavendishes!

'Our talk having lasted a long time, Lord Frederic proposed that we should have something to drink, at the same time charging me most solemnly not to betray his *incognito* to a human being, for fear that

he otherwise would be overwhelmed by the attentions of the Mayor of Cincinnati, the City Council, etc., as he altogether preferred quiet, and that freedom from observation which the sacrifice of his title secured to him. I promised, and have almost implicitly obeyed him, excepting upon one or two occasions, when I really could not restrain my exultant feelings. We then adjourned to the bar-room, where we drank mutual healths, and have since done so many times a day, as Lord Cavendish assures me that it is the hearty fashion of his country. He usually proposes champagne-cobblers, which he says cannot be had in any London club equal to ours. To be sure, it is rather expensive, opening a bottle of champagne every time; but I do not regret the expense for the pleasure of Lord C.'s company. Neither with his refined taste, will he drink any ale but the best Scotch, and at dinner and supper, we always make dead soldiers of a couple of bottles of Longworth's sparkling Catawba. Lord Cavendish allows me to have all these charged in my bill, and I could not think of asking him to pay, when he assures me that on my visit to England, it shall never cost me a penny, from the hour I set my foot in the dear old island. Even in our short acquaintance, I have learned really to love Lord Cavendish. He is so unaristocratic, so sociable, he takes my arm with such an air of easy grace, he smokes my segars in preference to his own, and compliments me on my taste; every day he proposes some little excursion in the most liberal manner, one day to the Observatory, another upon Mount Auburn, now over to Covington, and quite often to Mr. Longworth's wine-cellars. On all these occasions, with the hereditary *insouciance* of the scion of a ducal house, Lord Cavendish is quite regardless of money. Not having been accustomed to walk, he always rides, and this peculiarity rather adds to my bills.

'As you, Mortimer, are more cautious than I am, you might imagine that I was in some danger of losing my funds altogether; but Lord Cavendish, without my hinting the matter to him, explained in the most satisfactory manner. He said that Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley, like himself, had been not a little mortified and troubled by their funds failing; but this was owing to the report of their death in the Indian territories, which, having been fully credited in London, the Governor of the Bank of England, with his habitual caution, had of course withheld any farther remittances, until he could learn that the illustrious party were still alive; and he would not credit mere newspaper reports, but would wait until informed by the noblemen themselves, under their own signatures. Otherwise he was afraid that his remittances might fall into the hands of hostile Sioux and Crow Indians, who, having little idea of their value, would sell them for a mere song to the Government Indian agents, who would have no



difficulty in negotiating them at the Treasury in Washington. It quite reassured me, to find that my noble friend's pecuniary affairs were intrusted to such a leading financier as the Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord Cavendish assures me that I shall be repaid as soon as he can make the 'old lady in Threadneedle-street' hear him.

'Uncle Caleb meanwhile has been more liberal than I supposed he could be. In truth, I was so occupied with Lord Cavendish and party, that I totally forgot my business objects, or rather felt such disgust for trade while with those to whom its degradations are unknown, that I could not bring myself down to it. But after ten delightful days, I was reminded of it by a letter from uncle, who wished to know how I was getting on in the bacon, and why I had not written. But he supposed I had been very busy; and as a proof of his good wishes for me, inclosed me a draft for three hundred dollars, saying that after I had finished my business, I might enjoy a little holiday and run down to New-Orleans. I showed the draft to his lordship, who could scarce have been more pleased had he received it himself. Uncle Caleb also said, that if I continued to conduct myself to his satisfaction, he would send me out to England during the coming summer. Lord Cavendish at once, without the least solicitation on my part, sat down and wrote for me a letter of introduction to the present Duke of Wellington, which he says will be just as good six months hence as now. His letter, which I copy, runs thus :

'MY DEAR DOOK : Receive for the sake of your old crony, his friend G. V. Jollygreen, Esq., who has been of great use to me while here. You doubtless heard of my being 'chawed up,' as they say, by Indians : it was altogether incorrect. When I get again into Apsley House, we'll talk these items over. Meanwhile, introduce Jollygreen to the Queen at Windsor, and say to her what I say to you of my young friend—the best thing I can say—that he is worthy of his name. Drop a fellow a line, now and then. Yours always,

“CAVENDISH AND DIDDLER.”

'Diddler, he informed me, was his second title, which he used to distinguish himself from other Lord Cavendishes, relatives of his; and on my asking him why he spelt duke, 'd-o-o-k,' and with a small *d*, he said it was only a playful freedom used exclusively with Wellington, who had been his fag at Eton.

'Uncle Caleb's letter put me in mind to visit some of the merchants whom I had neglected, and I went to see one of them, without, of course, informing his lordship that I was going to a vulgar bacon-store. As soon as I delivered my letter, the merchant asked why I had not visited him sooner, and in the same breath, if I was prepared to make



a cash advance on five hundred barrels of lard-oil. I really could not longer contain my disgust for the hog business in all its shapes. I answered that I supposed he could consign his oil to Jowl and Jollygreen, and then rather tartly told him that I had been spending my time so agreeably with Lord Cavendish, that no thought of the odious oil and lard trade had before crossed my mind. His look, intended for contempt, so different from my noble friend's aristocratic scorn, produced no effect upon me; but I was rather startled when he told me that my story about Lord Cavendish was a humbug, and that, so far from leaving him five minutes ago, he was that moment in Louisville, Kentucky, when he showed me a paragraph to that effect in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. I knew this was a mistake and said so, when he inquired if I was also hand-in-glove with Lord Diddler. I then told him that I knew nothing of *his* lords, in Louisville, or not, but that *my* Lord Cavendish and Lord Diddler were one and the same person; and I was much gratified to find that he altered his views at once, for he said he had no doubt of it. On my return to the Burnet House, I mentioned the newspaper report to Lord Cavendish, and learned from him that he had had it inserted for the better concealment of his incognito, and partly to mislead some anonymous letter-writers in Louisville, who had annoyed him and his friends, by urging them to come over to Kentucky, and bring their coronets.

'I had intended, my dearest Mortimer, to give you a full account of my sweet experiences with the sister of my noble friend, the high-born and lovely Lady Annabella. But my letter has grown to such a length, that I must forego, for a few days only, the delight of unfolding to you the charming story in all its details. My meeting with her, however, has not been less singular than with her brother and his friends, inasmuch as I did not know that she was in this country, having seen no notice of her in the papers. But on the third evening after my arrival here, when with his characteristic amiability Lord Cavendish had accepted my invitation to the theatre, where we listened to the dulcet voice of Annie Milnor in the 'Bohemian Girl,' I was suddenly surprised to see him kiss his hand to a most beautiful creature in an opposite box, who sat between Lord Grosvenor and Lord Ashley. I inquired who she was, when my friend informed me, as a great secret, that she was his own sister, who, with the same passion for travel as his, was even more adventurous. She had been a companion of Madame Ida Pfeiffer in many of her journeys, and had become most intimately acquainted with our celebrated fellow-townsmen Bayard Taylor, for whom she expressed the warmest admiration. She had been of late in the East, had crossed the Pacific to San-Francisco, and thence reached St. Louis by the overland mail from California, expressly to meet her affectionate brother. After the opera, I was pre-

sented to her with a beating heart. Need I say that I loved at first sight, and was in turn beloved. Annabella, I call her so now, says that she was first forced to travel from the pining solitude of a heart which sought in vain among the ambitious nobles of her own land for one disinterested mate; and since our actual engagement, she has told me very often, that if it were unavoidable, she would for me exchange, without an instant's hesitation, the palatial splendors of Chatsworth for the primeval simplicity of these Western wilds. As all is now arranged for our union, I feel no longer any hesitation in writing a full account of every thing to Uncle Caleb. Although himself averse to fashion, he will rejoice at my entire success and prospective alliance with a ducal house. I shall therefore write to-day, drawing on him for five hundred dollars, as Lord Cavendish and party have not yet heard from the Governor of the Bank of England, and at the same time ask him to engage a suite of apartments at the Everett House. We go in about a month to New-York, and Lord Cavendish says he prefers the Everetts, as his friend Lord Bury staid there just previous to his departure for Europe.'

Here closed my ambitious friend's letter, and wondering what was to come next, I waited anxiously for ten days. By that time, I accidentally heard that Gustavus Vasa had returned from the west without his noble friends. Soon after, I met Uncle Caleb in the street, who told me that on the receipt of his nephew's letters, he had let his draft for five hundred dollars go to protest, and peremptorily ordered the Burnet House proprietors to send him home, which they did without hesitation—the *quasi* lord and his pretended sister, who was his mistress, having been arrested the same day for obtaining money under false pretences. He farther informed me, that Gustavus steadily refused to believe that he had been swindled, and looked much dejected every time a letter came to hand post-marked 'Cincinnati.'

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FROM 'MUSEUM DELICIAE.'

COMMIT the ship unto the wind,  
But not thy faith to womankind;  
There is more safety in a wave  
Than in the faith that women have:  
No woman's good: if chance it fall  
Some one be good among them all,  
Some strange intent the destinies had  
To make a good thing of a bad.

## MY COUSIN'S SECRET.

I AM often asked whether I have ever been in love ; and those who look upon my calm, passionless face wonder if an emotion of the heart ever ruffled its surface. My young friends, who think me amiable and good-natured, suppose it possible that I may have in some former time experienced a tender sentiment, and amuse themselves in speculating upon the placid and kindly manner in which the sedate amour was conducted. Well, come, sit down, and I will relate to you a portion of my life that never was revealed before — that never should be revealed, except as a warning to those who are indulging their own heart's passions, even in opposition to filial duty.

I was eighteen when I left school, my education finished, and returned to my parents' house in Baltimore. Knowing my indulgent mother would not control me much, I anticipated great pleasure when at home, and determined to enjoy all the sweets of my new-found freedom. My natural propensity, however, soon declared itself: happiness could only come to me through my affections. The first novelty over, pleasure ceased to charm, fashion and vanity dwindled into nothingness, and my heart demanded its more fitting food.

My mother I loved intensely, my little half-sisters were inexpressibly dear ; and though not quite so near in consanguinity, yet, from sympathy and companionship, almost as well beloved, was my gentle and beautiful cousin Charlotte.

To these precious objects I now devoted myself, and in their society and interests spent all my time and thoughts. They all loved me fondly ; and yet my exacting spirit required more. I was not the first object of affection to any of them ; and nothing but the supreme love of an undivided heart could satisfy my yearning. I could look back upon the time — it was not so very far distant — when my mother held me to her widowed breast, and lavished on me all the fondness of her loving nature ; but a second marriage came, and other flowerets budded round her heart. I was no longer her sole joy.

I could also remember, when to cousin Charlotte my child-love had been the richest blessing. Mother or sister, she had none ; and though some years my senior, her sweet, simple spirit found congeniality with mine. She gave me the best and warmest place in her gentle bosom, until another love found entrance to her heart — a master-passion came and shook me from my throne, and I reigned there no more.

Of this latter fact Charlotte never informed me. During my absence at school, we had maintained an affectionate correspondence ; and on my return home, she was there to meet me, and to petition for

my frequent companionship in her lonely dwelling ; yet no hint of another or dearer friend, no allusion to him who had superseded me in her gentle heart ; her secret was too precious to be handled even by me. But my intuition was strong and acute, especially where I loved ; and now that I was constantly in her company — my uncle's house being only a few blocks from ours — I discovered, in trifles the most minute, an insight of the whole affair.

My uncle was a professor of religion, and a member of the same church as my father ; but of more stern and rigid views and principles, he required his family to walk in a certain line, and forbade that the taint of the world should come upon his household.

A naval officer of gay tastes and associations was he who had won the first place in Charlotte's heart. The brother of a school-mate, she had become acquainted with him in early girlhood ; and ere the down had gathered on his cheek, or her understanding was formed, their troth had been given to each other.

Poor Charlotte ! She had seen her happiest days : henceforth her life was to be made up of concealment, anxiety, and self-reproach. The pious father, into whose sober presence the gay young sailor dared not enter, was not to hear the story of his daughter's love ; and, lest through any channel it should reach his ears, the secret was to be carefully locked within her own bosom. She continued to visit the sister of her affianced, through whom the correspondence of the lovers was maintained. Their interviews were few and short, and conducted with the utmost caution : they met in fear, and parted in doubt. Educated as she had been, this was not a course which Charlotte's own conscience could approve. Her heart condemned her, and bitterly did she mourn over the fatal spell which she had not power to break.

You wonder how I learned all this : it was merely surmise, none of it was I told ; but loving her as I did, and being so much in her company, no phase of her varying countenance was unnoticed, no lightest word or simplest act passed unheeded. It was not long until she observed that she was being read, and I saw that she observed it. Finally she arrived at the perfect consciousness that her whole heart was bare before me, and I knew she was conscious of it. Still no open confidence was asked or given. On every other subject we were free as sisters : this one, by tacit consent was avoided.

All this time, my own spirit groaned under an unsatisfied longing. My cousin's secret attachment interested me : its mystery gave me mental occupation. Instead of disliking my rival, as I otherwise should, I took from him my ideal ; the navy, with all its wild and dangerous glory, became invested with a charm, the sea ever sparkled before my imagination, and a blue jacket was interwoven with all my dreams of romance.

It was while my mind was in this morbid state, discontented with the blessings of a favored lot, and yielding to the idolatrous wishes of a perverted nature, that my gay friends arranged a party for a water-excursion. I would have been delighted if my beloved cousin could have shared in this pleasure; but from the society of the world, by her father's strict laws she was prohibited. In fashionable life I had never enjoyed her dear companionship; her attendance it would therefore have been vain to solicit.

What need that I should describe the party, the scenes or the occurrences of that day? I cannot! they swim before my memory as an indistinct vision, the only clearly defined portion of which is a lordly form, a dark, proud, intellectual eye, and a voice whose flexible chords thrilled through every chamber of my brain. To explain: some of the officers of a man-of-war, then anchored in the bay, were of our company, in one of whom I recognized the ideal of my dreams. My heart throbbed, my nerves became painfully agitated, as I found myself the object of his gallant attentions; and, on that gorgeous summer day, while floating over the blue tide of the beautiful Chesapeake, I drank my first deep draught of love.

And now, without thought, reflection, or concern, I gave myself up to this sweet enthrallment. Mr. Kinlock had not long to stay in Baltimore, his ship being under sailing-orders; how, then, could I refuse myself the pleasure of seeing him every available opportunity? Swiftly the days fled, happiness intense, almost insupportable was mine, for I had the blessed assurance that I was loved—loved to the full measure of my yearning: he who had won my heart, delighted to open his own, and show me the place I occupied as first and sole sovereign there. It was enough: dazzled, intoxicated, enraptured, earth shone as if illumined by a thousand suns, my pathway glittered as though paved with gems. Nor was one care for the endless future mingled with my present joy. What signified it to me that my lover knew not my father's God, that he bowed at no shrine, worshipped no deity? my own heart was equally carnal, and my soul, with all its bright intelligence, was prostrate before an earthly idol.

Love knows not the measure of time. When skies are fair and winds propitious, the bark of Cupid glides swiftly on, and days become as years in the progress the happy voyagers make in heart-intimacy. It was so with us: and during the few weeks from our first meeting to the day on which his gallant ship lifted her anchor, Mr. Kinlock and I had lived a whole age of bliss.

He was now gone, and I returned again to the ordinary social routine; but how changed the aspect of my life, how tame and dull and common-place the world appeared without him! How had I lived before I knew his love? how should I live again, if deprived of it?

But this impossibility was not to be thought of, and I put away the dread query unanswered.

My visits to Charlotte were resumed. Few and hasty they had been of late; but she divined the cause, and her loving heart sympathized in my new-found happiness. Yet no word of confidence passed between us. I could not tell my tale of joy to her whose spirit groaned under the burden of a secret betrothal, and whose lonely way was seldom cheered by the sight of him who was her all. What a strong bond of union must have existed between our spirits — that gentle girl's and mine — that, without any outward communication, our experiences were known to each other. Of the state of her heart I had long been aware; and when she strained me to her bosom, a flood of tears gushing from her eyes, I felt that she had been reading the happy story of mine, and no word was necessary to assure me of her tender interest in it.

Weeks, months passed, in which I was only fed and sustained by the letters which came from time to time, bearing post-marks from every port at which my lover touched in his cruise. These warm, wild epistles, whose every burning line became stereotyped upon my brain, excited to more vivid glow the flame within my breast, and gave increased fervor to my passionate idolatry.

Still I was not so occupied with self as to prevent my seeing that the health of my sweet cousin was not as formerly. She made no complaint, uttered no moan; but I often found her reclining at an hour when she used to be all activity. Her complexion, never ruddy, was becoming pale and transparent, and her light form more attenuated, while her movements were languid and her spirits fitful. Charlotte was evidently fading: her mother had died of pulmonary disease, the seeds of which might have been transmitted to this her only daughter. The idea brought alarm; and my uncle immediately sought medical opinion. No danger, however, was apprehended. Her constitution was not strong, the physician said, and she would always require careful treatment; but there were no indications of inherent disease traceable in her system. Change of air, and mineral baths were recommended, to remove the present debility; and I was invited to accompany her to the Virginia springs.

I look back now to that brief season, spent in a gay valley of the Blue Ridge, as to a sweet and tranquil dream enjoyed before the chills and tempests of a winter day. Owing to my uncle's habit of eschewing worldly society, we lived apart from the fashionable throng that composed the company at the springs; but Charlotte and I were society enough for each other: we walked, rode, and bathed together, and upon every subject, but the one, we thought and felt in common. I had ever appreciated her lovely and delicate mind; but now, that I



was always with her, no object to distract or intervene, I entered more fully its inner nature, and oh! how blest I thought that man who should enjoy her life-companionship, while I wondered that he had not tried to retain her purity, and thus have rendered himself worthy her father's approbation.

We returned to Baltimore. Charlotte's health was much improved; and I was desirous to return, as a letter from Mr. Kinlock had informed me that his vessel was now at Norfolk, and he would get leave of absence for a few days to visit me.

He came, and my poor erring heart rejoiced that my mother or her husband were not too pious to countenance my gallant sailor. I knew that, had my father lived, my choice would not have been sanctioned; but my rebellious spirit was not going to yield to a dead parent's wishes; nay, I even felt that, were he living, I should have spurned his wise control, and rushed on in my own wild course.

The days quickly sped, though each one was an age of happiness; and when the parting hour arrived, it seemed as if my very life was to be torn away, and only my trembling, aching frame left behind.

It was uncertain when we should next meet; and some dark foreboding was mingled with the parting pain. I stood beside my lover; and the stream in my veins seemed frozen. I scarcely felt as he placed a ring on the finger of my cold, passive hand, and then, folding his arms around me, pressed kiss after kiss upon my brow, cheek, and lips, murmuring: 'Mine — mine own — forever.'

He was gone. The boat which was to take him to Norfolk would start in two hours, and the interim he must spend in business connected with the service. Restless and wretched, I knew not what to do. I could not yet meet the inquiries of my mother, so, putting on bonnet and shawl, I went round to Charlotte.

I entered, as usual, without ceremony, and ran up to her own room. She was not there; but, knowing that she would soon come, I took a seat to await her. A few moments I sat, listening to the beating of my heart, then raised my eyes, and looked round for something to divert my attention. Her bird was singing in the open window; her pretty paintings hung on the wall; her work lay on a table near; every thing spoke of a calm life, and a sweet, soft love, so different from the wild passion now throbbing within my bosom.

But, what do I see? a note half-hidden beneath a piece of embroidery in her work-basket, the superscription of which is in a well-known hand. I know not why, for I was always punctilious in points of honor, I seized the note, opened and read it. It was brief. I can repeat it: it ran thus:

'DEAR CHARLOTTE: You may hear of my being in town, and



wonder at not seeing me ; but I have come upon an admiralty errand, have only a few hours to stay, and cannot possibly spare time for a meeting. I know your gentle heart will excuse your faithful

‘E. K.’

Like a flood of lightning on mid-night darkness, as sudden and as vivid, came the rush of understanding to my startled mind. I saw my love, my idol, my betrothed, the affianced of another, and that other, my dearest friend, the sister of my soul. I remembered with anguish that upon this subject we had exchanged no confidence. She had never breathed the name of her lover, I had never uttered that of mine. We had assisted in our own deception, in his fickleness and perjury ; and now came the fearful termination, fraught with horror and despair to us both.

A volcano raged within me ; yet I neither shrieked nor fainted, but replacing the note where I found it, left the room. On the stairs I met Charlotte, and passively submitted to her embrace. The recent parting, of which she was instinctively aware, accounted to her for my agitation and caprice ; and when I hurriedly said that I could not stay now, but would come again to-morrow, she asked no question, but pressed her cool lips again to mine, which burnt like live embers, and, with a whispered blessing, let me go.

I fled home, her soft caress clinging to my lips, her sweet voice chiming in my ear, while within me was an insane tumult. I reached my own room, snatched a pencil and a scrap of paper, and wrote :

‘Come to me ! I must see you for a moment ! Do not leave without coming to me, or you never see me again.’

This I committed to an old and trusted servant, and, ere I thought he had time to deliver it, Mr. Kinlock was announced.

In the same room that had witnessed our tender parting of an hour ago I now confronted the traitor. He saw the wild-fire in my eye, and became pale and unnerved. I stood, and in haughty and frigid tones demanded if he had ever loved before he knew me. As if aware he was discovered, he commenced in deprecating strain :

‘At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship ——’

‘Silence !’ I exclaimed ; ‘how dare you mock me with such bombast ?’ And then the flood-gates of my wrath and love gave way, and I poured upon him the full tide of my indignation and despair.

With agony depicted on his countenance, he sunk at my feet ; but I spurned him away. I tore from my finger the ring it had so short a time worn, and cast it before him ; then, with fierce determination, commanded him from my presence, never, never to appear in it again.

He entreated to be heard, but I refused. Pleading to be permitted one word, but I would have none. I told him I had never loved him, I knew it by my present feelings. Had I loved him, I should hate him now, whereas I only experienced indifference and contempt. I scorned his dissimulation, loathed his perfidy, and desired to be rid of his presence. Oh! how he writhed and winced under those bitter words! I saw the pain I was inflicting, and exulted in it. At length I put an end to the scene by ordering him from my sight; and, lithographed upon my memory now is the last fond, frenzied glance which he turned upon me as he rushed from the house.

Oh! that I could close my story here! that I could say the seathing misery of that hour was the severest I was to undergo; but alas! I had only felt the rod, the sword was to pierce me yet.

I did not learn it immediately, for the morning papers were carefully put out of my way; but this fact, in connection with a peculiar tenderness toward me in the manners of both my mother and step-father, raised vague suspicions of unknown evil.

After breakfast my mother took me to her room, seated me beside her, and then it was told me—told gently and cautiously, the worst kept for the last; but it was all told me. Mr. Kinlock was dead, had died by his own hand. The previous evening he went on board the Norfolk boat just before she was ready to start. He was observed to be in a state of feverish excitement. In a few minutes the report of a pistol issued from the cabin, where he was alone, the other passengers being on deck. They hastened to ascertain the cause of the sound. The lieutenant lay on the ground, his right hand grasping the weapon: the bullet was in his heart.

My mother's kind preface and after-soothing were unheard, this alone reached my excited brain—HE WAS A SUICIDE! He had gone to judgment with his own blood upon his head, and I had driven him to it. Mid-night darkness was around me; loathsome, creeping things were over me, I felt their cold slime upon my skin, while fiends were rending my vitals. I would have sought relief in shrieking, but I had not sufficient strength. I would have taken refuge in a swoon, but I was not weak enough. My strength and my weakness combated, my will overcame them both. I rose to my feet, said I would go to Charlotte, and seizing the first bonnet that came to hand, left the house.

I do n't know how I got to my uncle's; I only remember the scene that awaited me there. On the floor of the breakfast-room lay my cousin in a pool of blood, the servants rushing wildly around, my uncle in a state of distraction. 'Hemorrhage of the lungs,' said the Doctor; but what caused it? I could have told. She had fallen with the fatal newspaper in her hand. She had received the dread intelligence, not

from soft and loving lips, while a warm arm enfolded her, but had read it, without preface, coldly detailed by a hackneyed paragraphist. Nor had her gentle spirit been prepared by any previous shock; but in the midst of love, confidence, and hope, the blow had come, and she sunk, bleeding and insensible beneath its weight.

By Charlotte's bed was now my post. Her danger diverted my mind from its great wo, and kept my reason on its throne. She and I had loved as sisters, and now I tended her with an energy that was the surest antidote to madness. But it lasted not long. Her frail constitution quickly gave way; and the lovely lamp which had shed its perfumed light round an admiring circle, was soon extinguished.

On the eve of her departure, she confessed to her father the sin of her heart. She had loved, she said, against his approbation and without his knowledge, and had been justly punished. To me she also told the touching tale; but the whole she never knew — she passed away without learning that her lover's heart had been estranged from her, that his faith and troth had been broken.

In our house Mr. Kinlock's name was never again mentioned. His rash act was talked of by the public, and its incitement traced to different sources; but — O short-sighted human conjecture! — the true one was never discovered.

At the sad, solemn death-bed of my beloved cousin the wild passion of my life was subdued; and kneeling beside her beautiful clay in penitent tears, I laid my bruised and bleeding heart at the foot of the cross.

Since then my life has been spent in feeble efforts to be useful. My sisters I helped to educate, and I am now performing the same office for their children; and I hope that, as long as I remain in the world, society will find me employment. Purified from the guilt of passion and idolatry, my heart still retains its loving nature; and whatever of peace and content I enjoy is to be attributed to the consciousness of performing, to the best of my ability, my duty to my neighbor.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

ALL night alone we journeyed on,  
In a carriage, close together;  
We laughed and talked right joyously,  
In spite of wind and weather:  
But when first broke the morning light,  
Judge of our fright, my child:  
Between us sat a blind-eyed boy —  
'T was LOVE, with aspect mild.

## THE MODEL WIFE.

ABOUT a week ago, one night,  
I went with JACOB LEE,  
To visit his aunt POLLY WHITE,  
And drink a cup of tea.

Full fifty times in JACOB's life  
He had averred to me,  
That POLLY was a model wife,  
And so I went to see.

We found her with her main and might  
A-chopping by the door.  
'She never thinks of asking WHITE,'  
Said JAKE, 'to do a chore.

'But milks the cows through cold and wet,  
At risk of life and limb,  
And every six-pence she can get,  
She duly gives to him.

'And, as you presently will see,  
As true as I'm alive,  
Though she is only forty-three,  
She looks like sixty-five!

'Seeing her changed to such a fright  
From what in youth she was,  
'T is natural that Uncle WHITE  
Should scold her, as he does.

'And she, dear patient angel, grieves  
And suffers all the while;  
I really think that JAKE believes  
Good women never smile.'

Ere yet her visitors she spied,  
Enthusiasm grew  
To such a pitch, he ran and cried:  
'Aunt POLLY, how d' you do?'

Her husband, in a drunken fit,  
Was lying on the bed:  
'Poor man, he is n't well a bit,'  
Was all Aunt POLLY said.

She sat down by him on a stool,  
Shaking and pale with fear,  
And every time he said 'You fool!'  
She told us he said, 'Dear.'

And every time she gave him gin,  
She whispered me and JAKE,  
It was a bitter medicine  
The doctor made him take.

And often as he swore an oath,  
She filled another glass,  
And like a good wife told us both  
He taught the Bible-class !

At last she got him out of bed,  
And though he could n't stir,  
She held him on his legs, and said  
That he was holding her !

Propping him up against the wall  
At tea, as best she could,  
She said to us : ' He gave me all  
These tea-things — an't he good ? '

But JACOB said, though Mr. WHITE  
Perhaps had bought the delf,  
His dear aunt POLLY sewed at night,  
And paid for it herself.

Then with an accent rendered sweet  
By such true worth, he said :  
You see she gives him all the meat,  
And eats a crust of bread.

Once when he growled that she was grown  
As homely as a crow,  
She said to us in under-tone :  
' Out of his head, you know.'

And when for this he gave her blame,  
She hid her patient face  
Under her withered hands, the same  
As if he said the grace.

And while some drops of anguish fell  
From the full fountain near,  
She smiled, and said she could n't tell  
When she had shed a tear.

I felt my soul within me stir  
When, finishing his praise,  
JAKE said : ' No model wife like her  
Can live out half her days ! '

That wretched night in sleep I cried,  
Believing in my fright,  
That every married woman lied  
The same as POLLY WHITE.

And spite of all that I could do,  
When I was wide awake,  
I thought that every man I knew  
Was very much like JAKE.

### W A T - W A N D E R I N G S

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

THE Sabbath light was pouring in through the half-closed shutters as we awoke, for the first time, in the capital of Siam. And not glad light alone, but sweet music; now low and faint and far; now near, swelling, pealing. We hastened to the window, and oh! the vision of beauty! Towering on high, over-shining turret, and temple and corridor and sala and park, flashing and sparkling with gold and porcelain and glaze, gorgeous with yellow and green and red and blue and white, vocal with hundreds of tiny bells from every coin and corner rung by spirits of air, rose the Pagoda of Wat Chèng. It was waking from a dream — nay, to a dream realized — of Fairy-Land! No glowing tale of Araby, or of the farther Orient, had to the wild imaginings of our boyhood pictured aught like this. Long and lingeringly did we gaze upon that wondrously beautiful, that beautifully wondrous pile. And as day by day, month by month, we gazed, it grew in beauty and wondrousness.

Don carefully the thick pith India hat, raise the butterfly-and-dragon-embellished China umbrella against the brain-burning sun, and let us forth to our wanderings. Through the open gate, two painful mysteries, olfactory and auricular, are solved. Tread lightly among the drying fish which carpet the green sward and the brick pavement, and smell to the heavens. Watch pityingly fifty or sixty convicts, many in chains, by chorus and ropes hauling up from the river a huge barge. Lift the hat respectfully to his Royal Highness Krom Hiuang Wongsā Dhiraj Snidh, their master, who, with jolly face and form, seated in the high and broad gate-way of the palace, with trees and flowers in the back-ground, recalls pictures by Hans Holbein. Break cautiously the line of coolies trotting up to the Prince's go-down, laden with rice, from the crowd of country boats. Observe pleasantly the juveniles, in almost paradisiacal undress, making their

important investment in the rice-cakes and sugar-cane, which an ancient female doles out for cowries, by the way-side: here too, indig-nantly, the circle of men, women, and children, in their far less lucra-tive investment at the carded and diced mat, over which a cunning knave presides and fattens. Peep curiously into one of the Chinese saw-sheds, in which all the lumber of the country is sawn by hand. Run boldly the gauntlet of howling curs and miscellaneous mire, *strongly* suggestive of dewy meadows and morning larks, down the narrow alley-street. Over, seriously, a low stile, and we stand within the sacred precincts of Wat Chèng.\*

The extensive grounds, inclosed on three sides by walls, and divided unequally by another, front on the noble Menam. Beneath the many luxuriant trees — the tamarind, the sacred fig, and others — ceaselessly repose crocodiles, elephants, birds, griffins, and other natives of water, earth, air, and fancy. Here too are the salas — open halls with painted roofs and stuccoed pillars — in which the priests, yellow-robed, 'all shaven and shorn,' lounge, and at the signal of the white flag, preach to the people. Yonder is a flag-staff, on which nightly is hoisted a taper, to propitiate the evil spirits.

These European guards will not break their granite silence to demand the countersign or to present arms, if we pass through the gate to this miniature mountain. At its base flow little fountains, in which diminutive swine on the margin would fain lave their porce-lain bodies. At each turn about the rugged heights meet you, with unchanging stare, men from many lands, elephants, tigers, crows. And beware of that eye and growl and grip of life in the rock-crevice beneath the roots of that tree — a mater familias, and an ad-dition to the hundreds of canines which, unowned, unharmed, uncared for, infest the wats. This is 'Celestial' art: this granite and porcelain statuary, these rocks, those granite walks, were all the gift of the 'Flowery Kingdom.'

Passing two giant demon-warders into the second and larger area, we approach the great central Prachadi or Pagoda. Like all the edi-fices and walls of wats and palaces, it is of stuccoed brick, and like most pagodas, solid from side to side, and from base to summit. On four of its sides, (eight beside those of minor angles,) each eighty feet long, by granite steps we ascend to the first encircling gallery. The balustrade, surmounted by many well-graven vases, is of green open porcelain squares in stucco-work gemmed with innumerable sets of broken china. In the inner wall images of Buddh, covered with

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\*THE Siamese 'Wat,' corresponding to the *ἱερόν* of the Greek, is applied to the whole sacred inclosure; the term 'temple,' the *ναός* of the Greek, to the edifice in which is enthroned the principal idol.



shining scales, are kneeling with soles outward, *a la* Buddh ever, and with up-lifted hands supporting the gallery above. Ascend by very steep stairs to other galleries, at intervals of eighteen or twenty feet, similarly supported and ornamented, and gradually decreasing in circuit and width. From the last look down. Stretching far away as eye can reach, on every hand, a forest of living perennial green: follow the winding river, (the Broadway of Bangkok,) with its thousands of hurrying boats, its gay barges, its gaudy junks, its ships of all nations, its miles of floating-houses; yon the waving flags of the Consulates; here and yon the white, peaceful forts, and the high palaces of kings and princes; and here, and yon, and yon, the wats of Buddh, with white walls gleaming through the thick leaves, and seriate roofs and spacious domes and lofty spires painted and gilded and glazed, and resplendent as a hundred ice-clad roofs and trees in the noon-tide sun of the home-land! No pen, no pencil here!

Ah! what is there! Look up again. High up, in those niches see the fearless riders of the triple-headed elephants. Up, above each niche a beautiful miniature pagoda. Up, the great Pagoda now round, is rising to its crown. Up, to the tip of that sacred device of gilt, two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Look down once more. Equidistant from the central, are four lower but lofty prachadis, of like form and adorning, and adding their notes to the unchimed chime rung by the fitful breeze on the gilded pomegranate leaves pendent from the gilded bells. Lower, and central to the great area, stands the Temple, with its lofty colonnade or peristyle of pillars rising to the very eaves; its beautifully colored and glazed roof ascending by a series of narrowing roofs many feet, and unbroken many feet farther; its gables profusely painted, carved, and gilded, with the ends of all the roof-ridges adorned with a gilded horn-like projection — whose meaning we could never learn — its walls stuccoed to an intense whiteness. Lower still, on either hand, the long ranges of cells for the many priests, and environing the Pagoda, the long corridors filled with images of Buddh. In the rear of the Temple — but let us go down from this heavenward height, down, down, to the Gates of Tartarus.

In the rear of the Temple are walls covered with paintings hideous, from the eight hells of Buddh. Here from the jaws and throat of a liar, or slanderer of Buddh or his priests, devils are drawing the teeth and tongue. Here they are flaying, with red-hot irons, one guilty of stealing gold from an idol, or refusing to clothe the naked. Here a medical empiric is being crushed to death beneath the ponderous stone on which he prepared his unsuccessful prescriptions. Here beneath the burning sun, on his back, a drunkard is chained, at his side waters which the poor Tantalus can only almost reach. Here a glutton, with form and face wasted to shadow, is surrounded by devils

ever offering, never giving food. Here a — but pen dare not write those walls. The obscene, the horrible, the diabolical, the — what an arch-fiend alone could suggest, an arch-inquisitor alone execute, is here. With eyes and heart and whole being sick, we turn away.

On the opposite side of the river is Wat Che Tu Pon, or, anciently and commonly, Wat Po, 'The Wat of the People.' It is the 'Solomon's Temple' of Siam. With a plan and a detail, by two gentlemen of skill and accuracy in such matters, unsurpassed, we will retrace the labyrinthine wanderings through this wat, in which we were guided by a venerable and venerated friend, for twenty-five years a toiler here. We press through the priests crowding the landing to bathe, wend our way amid piles of brick, and with devotees bearing in their mirror-vases fruits and flowers, pass through the gates of the old city-wall, and now those of the wat, into an area of more than four acres. Many pleasant salas — open pillared halls — invite to rest. But not to rest alone. Here is learning, learning by the square foot. Approach, believers in dreams! marble tablets in these sala-pillars will instruct you what visions of the night portend ill, what good. Approach, anxious mothers! here marble tablets, with ghosts above and naked infants on either hand, will instruct you the days propitious for birth, and the cure for the measles, or other disease inevitable to a mundane entrance on a day unpropitious. Approach, disciples of Æsculapius! here marble tablets illustrated, will instruct you what medicines and what *attitudes* will remove all the maladies poor flesh is heir to. Here are twenty-four, relative to the treatment of small-pox alone. Surely yours need not be the fate of the hapless practitioner over the river.

At 'The Chapel:' but it is too late for the matins of the priests, and too early for the homily on the sacred books to the people, who sit on the brick floor, while the Scribes and Pharisees fill 'the chief seats of the synagogue,' the marble platforms above. We enter 'The Sacred Pool,' fed subterraneously from the river, shaded by richly-leaved trees, beneath which the priests stand for hours in contemplation, margined widely by artificial rock-work, in whose nooks tigers and swine, apes and elephants stand forever in contemplation, and tenanted by two large crocodiles. But the sacred pets, like the bipeds of the wats, are most frequently seen when they want feeding.

Next in range is 'The Sacred Library,' octagonal and spired, containing, in Chinese cases richly carved and inlaid, the sacred books of Buddh. These are written, or styled rather, in Pali, the sacred language, on palm-slips two or three inches wide, from eighteen to twenty-two long, and filed on strings. Here our keys of silver failed to procure those of a humbler metal. Next 'The Garden;' about the

size of 'The Pool,' filled with trees and flowers, of which the far-famed lotus, and the oleander (which in this country attains the size of the largest home-lilac) are the most beautiful and fragrant. And now to 'The Temple of the Reclining God.' A massive, magnificent pile it is, two hundred thirty feet long, a hundred wide, with its marble-paved colonnade; its walls, and fifty-six pillars three feet square and fifty high, beautifully marbled and stuccoed; its gables and roofs brilliantly painted, gilded, glazed, and carved; its high doors and many windows capped with ornamented stucco — the latter with open wire-work for air and light, and bordered by colored and mirror-glass — its *tout ensemble* harmonious and imposing. A tenth of the demand of the keepers, real and pretended, (not priests, few of whom are visible,) proves an 'Open Sesame,' and we pass the sacred portals. We glance at the walls of the spacious hall, entirely covered with paintings.

Scenes mythological and allegorical, supernal and infernal, celestial and terrestrial, oriental and occidental, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, amatory and polemic, joyful and sorrowful, ludicrous and solemn, disgusting and charming, commingle, a very 'medley,' in bright colors, on the walls of these temples. But we only glance. Between two rows of pillars rises up, up to the lofty ceiling, stretches down, down the long hall, the Mastodon of gods, the reclining image of Gaudama, the fourth and latest (last save one, of this age) incarnation of Buddh. He lies on his side, his head elevated on his bent elbow and hand, his countenance wearing the air of silly, complacent placidity peculiar to all his images. Around the platform faced with broken glass are many offerings, fruits and flowers, and numerous *lusus naturæ*, animal, vegetable, and mineral, from land and sea. Without the pillars, the new-come offerers are 'squat like a toad,' chatting and laughing. Walk down the hall to the feet of the image. How beautiful their soles! — of ebony or lacquer, inlaid throughout with the most delicate mother-of-pearl in numberless exquisite and sacred designs. With the curiosity of our New-England ancestors, we wish to know by actual measurement the proportions of this mountain of brick and stucco.

Ah! this is what the harpies following us from the door have been desiring and expecting. Very fluently they rehearsed or improvised a scale of fees; a fuang (seven and a half cents) per toe or finger, a salung (fifteen) per leg or arm, a tical (sixty) per entire longitude and latitude. At once drawing from the depths of our pocket our — tape only, we proceeded to introduce ourselves within the rail to a more intimate acquaintance. We found his pedal extremities each sixteen feet and a third long and five broad; his toes — equal, as in all the images — three feet and a quarter long, and the ankles three feet

through. Ascending a repairing-scaffold, we found it, from the aldermanic part of the body through to the back, fourteen feet; 'shoulder to shoulder,' nineteen; shoulder to elbow, twenty-one; the second finger, eight; the ear, eleven feet. From the 'sea-shell' curls of the head to the platform, forty feet; to the floor, forty-five. His horizontal length is one hundred and thirty-six feet and a third; the whole length, from the tip of the 'glory' cone rising above the curls to the soles of the feet, by our estimate, one hundred and fifty-eight feet; by another, one hundred and sixty-three feet!

Why, that very respectable old statue of Egypt, by the name of 'Memnon,' about fifty feet high, (Dr. Kane,) would lie only a fair-sized baby in the paternal embrace of this Gaudama. Place back to back with Gaudama, erect on these pearly soles, the Colossus at Rhodes, and give him the highest figures, (of Festus,) and the 'Wonder of the World' would have been over-topped several inches at least, even on tip-toe. Another small item. His immense superficies is, from crown to sole, overlaid with *heavy pure gold*! Perhaps the Spanish ambassador of 1718 forgot that gold, like something else we much admire, may be only 'skin-deep,' when he saw in Siam 'an idol all of wrought gold, valued at three millions and a half of dollars, containing in it many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones.' The King may err — a fatal breath for a subject — when he describes 'the image which his Majesty reverences and worships as if the Buddh Gotam was yet alive,' an image in the palace-temple, a foot and a half high, as 'made before 1457, . . . of a solid beautiful jasper, . . . on a golden throne thirty-four feet high, and gorgeously arrayed with ornaments of gold and precious stones, which are changed three times each year.' But

— 'the wealth of Ormus or of Ind'

is more than a poet's fancy.

Near this temple are the three pagodas of the preceding kings of the present dynasty, so beautiful and so far seen, spiring up, embellished with flowers of broken china, more than one hundred and twenty-five feet. A fourth is now being built by the ruling monarch. Though solid to sight, they are said to contain broken and defective metal images, and near the top, gold boxes with infinitesimal portions of Gaudama's osseous structure, which have strangely escaped his general absorption into a state of sentient nonentity. One hundred and thirty-five of his meek-eyed, cross-legged images farther honor this inclosure. The central temple, situated in the second area, is surrounded first by seventy spires of thirty or forty feet. Next, a wall, octagonal with receding and projecting angles, itself but the back of a granite-paved corridor containing two hundred and fifty-six images of Buddh, twice life-size, (save height,) heavily covered with pure gold. Within, across

a court, a second marble-paved corridor, often splendidly lit by numerous glass-shade cocoa-nut oil-lamps, with one hundred and forty-four metal images, four times life-size, and gold-covered.

Transversing and connecting these corridors, are the four 'Temples of the Points of the Compass.' Only one could we enter. It is occupied by a Buddh sitting on an artificial mountain, faced with broken colored-glass, with a gilded elephant kneeling and offering in his trunk a goglet or bottle of water, and a gilded ape with his tribute of adoration — a large honey-comb. Another contains Buddh as conqueror of the Great Serpent, the adversary of man. The conquered has twined up a tree, and with his seven hooded heads has canopied from sun and storm Buddh sitting beneath. Next the marble-paved square, with its gray marble shaft in each corner, graced with statues of angels, and higher, with monkeys grimacing under their superincumbent load.

And now, beneath one of eight granite arches overlaid with pure gold, we pass to the Temple of Temples. The edifice, with its marble colonnade, is one hundred and seventy-four feet long and one hundred broad. Up a few granite steps, through doors most profusely, curiously, and beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and we stand in the very 'Holy of Holies.' It is open monthly to the priesthood for the rehearsal of their laws; but otherwise only on signal occasions. The low voices of priests preparing for the ordination of another — whose procession was marching around the temple as we entered — murmur on our ears. We cannot await the interesting ceremony; but will recall another interesting and extraordinary, of some years ago, as outlined by an eye-witness.

It was the Anniversary of the Birth and Death of Gaudama. The wat-grounds and trees and edifices were brilliantly illuminated by thousands of lanterns and many-colored candles. The temple, with its massive pillars, its painted walls, and marble pavements, was flooded with light from chandeliers. At one end was enthroned a Buddh most highly venerated for its antiquity, and for the assistance of angels at its casting — irreverence before whom would bring on the guilty sickness or misfortune. A netted scarf of white flowers was thrown over one shoulder and across the breast, and another of white bordered with purple flowers fell from the base to the floor. Huge wax candles, lit by fire originally kindled by the lightning, and now only used otherwise at royal funeral-piles, are with vestal vigilance kept ever burning before it. Flowers festooned from the chandeliers and pillars mingled their incense with that of the burning sandal-wood. Various and rich offerings were spread around. On an adjacent pillar, with an incongruity not equalled by that of the statuette Napoleon beneath, hung a print of 'CHRIST Blessing Little Children.' Peals of music, and the voices of the throng, announced the coming of the king. He

ascended a pagoda near the temple, some thirty or forty feet, to its only apartment. On a platform, surrounded with flowers, tapers, and incense-sticks, was a model of a pagoda in brass. Within this is another of silver, within one of gold, within a series, each of different colored precious stones, and within all — O inestimable relic! — a representation in ivory of the famous 'Tooth of Buddh' in Ceylon. Before this the king knelt in prayer, then descended, marched thrice around the pagoda and temple, followed by a hundred chanting priests. Depositing their offerings around the base of the pagoda, they were followed in like march and offering by the people. All then moved to the temple, where before the idol the king adored, and he leading, they responding, chanted prayers from the Pali books. Again all prostrated themselves on the floor thrice, and resumed the chanting. The king then delivered in the vernacular a discourse on the great occasion, and concluded with a defence, for the edification of his missionary auditors, worthy of Pio Nono, of 'images as aids, not objects of worship.' Prayers and ceremonies occupied nearly the whole night in most of the temples of the city and kingdom.

Another area adjacent, of four acres, densely covered with houses, is the realm of Cœlebs; his subjects, seven hundred priests, all of this wat, having in their training a thousand novitiates and pupil-boys. It is mid-day, after which their *regime* does not permit the priests to eat: retired to their cells for the study and writing of the sacred books, or profound 'contemplation,' or profounder slumber on their bamboo racks or couches — limited sacredly to a cubit in height — few are to be seen. But flocks of boys, dogs, and crows, all with a like charmed life, fly cawing and yelping and shouting from you.

This wat was built originally by the first king of this dynasty, and, like all wats, for the purpose of 'making merit.' And indeed a vast item to his credit on the ledger with Conscience, it must have been. To remove the houses, to satisfy their occupants, and and to grade the grounds, cost nearly ten thousand dollars. Building and images had, in twenty-five years, in 1822, before the great 'Reclining God,' and many others were added, cost 465,440 ticals, or about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. By subsequent kings, in repairing, (from the perishable materials frequent,) enlarging, adorning, and imagery, nearly five hundred thousand dollars more, it is estimated, have been out-laid. Is the old Spanish ambassador indulging in Castilian hyperbole, when he tells us of seeing a temple, which, 'no other in the world could equal in grandeur?' And this is but one — perhaps the most expensive and elaborate — of about forty 'royal wats' built and wholly or mostly sustained from the royal treasury.

There are also in Bangkok and vicinity, more than one hundred and



fifty wats, built and sustained by nobles and men of wealth, and tenanted with the former, by thirty thousand mendicant priests and novitiates. Surely such splendid and costly 'merit-making' must uplay a broad, smooth road through this world, through the many heavens of blessedness, to Nirvan, the highest heaven, of absolute, unchanging, and unchangeable repose. But oh! how sadly contrast the leaf hovels, which make up the city, and densely cluster in the very shadows of these St. Peter's and Notre Dames and St. Paul's! Ah! these magnificent wats are not the blessing of a high, brilliant civilization: they are the curse of a fathomless, deathly dark superstition!

About the middle of October opens the Carnival of the Asiatic Venice, and the 'Great Revival Time of Siam.' For weeks, repairing and garnishing, within and without, have been going on at the wats. During three nights of the full moon, thousands of ticals are burned in splendid fire-works before the royal palaces, in the presence of multitudes. The river is covered with transparencies of birds, animals, and men, and lit up for miles with innumerable tapers floating along in succession on leaves or ornamented frames. Musical and theatrical boats ply hither and thither. Now the eventful first day arrives. A richly-gilded barge, with hull of a single tree, one hundred and twenty feet long, and lofty bow and stern decked with horse-hair plumes and Masonic-like aprons, with a hundred gilded paddles simultaneously rising above the red-uniformed men, moves from the palace landing. Upon a golden throne, beneath a golden and crimson canopy, shaded by golden umbrellas, fanned by large, solid golden fans, served by crouching nobles from golden dishes, sits the King of Siam, the Defender of the Faith of Buddh. In front and rear are the like gorgeous boats of princes and nobles, each manned by fifty to eighty men in their gayest dress, and each carrying two or three standard-bearers. The air is filled with the simultaneous shouts of three or four thousand men, with the clang of staves and standards on the decks, and the discords dire and execrable of many bands. River and canals are cleared of boats, and low, in secret places, the people are peering and gazing out on royalty.

The procession reaches the wat: instantly thousands of paddles are dropped, thousands of hands clasped and uplifted to the forehead, as the king steps ashore. Seated on a golden sedan, he is borne on the shoulders of men to the temple. Crouched on the floor the priests are chanting prayers: all crouched save one: to the high-priest, 'The Lord of the Wat,' even the monarch kneels. He prostrates himself three times before Buddh, presents his offering to him, or rather his representatives in the yellow robes, and retires. The landing and gate-way through which royal feet have trod, are closed for another



year, and he proceeds as before, to other wats, or to the palace. And it is thus —

‘ — THE gorgeous east, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold.’

Thus, also, with bewildering dazzle and gilded fetters, her kings and millions are blinded and bound in hopeless heathenism.

For ten or twelve days the king in person, or by deputation of nobles, continues his ‘wat-visiting’ and ‘merit-making’ extraordinary. The people then begin theirs, and for days the rivers and canals are jubilant with ‘the lords of creation’ bearing gifts to the priests. Then succeed the fair sex, and Broadway and the Boulevards at the meridian of feminine splendor are eclipsed. Scores of ladies of rank afloat, in gold and diamonds and crape and brocade and satin, their female attendants and rowers in the most ununiform uniform of orange and blue and scarlet and purple and green and white and variegated cotton and silk! But you cannot now ‘gaze on woman’s beauty as a star.’ Queerly, after the manner of Turkish ladies, the face is all hid, save the laughing eye, by the scarf thrown over the shoulders and about the head. Perhaps, consolatory, this is to aid the weak humanity of those to whom they are bearing presents, the poor bachelors of the wats, commanded sacredly to ‘seek not pleasure by looking upon women.’ Now finally, as the tale is told, Young Siam takes to the water, and the evening air rings with the laughs and shouts and songs of the wat-bound crowd. Landing, all within the grounds is hushed as a desert night. Not a form or light to be seen, not a voice to be heard. All priesthood is sleeping the sweet sleep of conscious innocence and hard-earned ‘holiness.’ Noiselessly the youthful devotees steal up with their offerings to the doors of the cells, and as noiselessly retire — but not ‘for good.’ Their ‘pile’ of merit is not yet rounded off. At a safe distance they fall in line and front face, and at the word, pour in a volley of stones and bricks — beneath which Sebastopol might have fallen — upon the doors of ‘the Seven (hundred) Sleepers.’ In an instant out rush the terrified and enraged priests to catch and to castigate the disturbers of their sweet slumbers, but fail alike of the difficult premise and of the desired sequence. The boys and girls in high glee escape to the boats, and the pretended rage about pretended slumbers of their pursuers soon subsides, in the appropriation of their offerings.

Below the Foreign Cemetery is a wat, in the rear of whose other edifices is a structure unique and interesting. A temple of stuccoed brick, built in imitation of a Chinese junk, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty broad; its gaudily-painted stern high above mortal residences, the dwelling of a Buddh. This is a *lusus artis* of the last king, who died in 1851.

From scenes of saddening mirth and mournful magnificence, let us go down to the Valley of Hinnom. We enter the vast and much neglected grounds of 'The Wat of Burnings.' We linger to gaze at the ruins, overgrown with weeds and vines, of a Pagoda designed originally to be the loftiest in the city, and now towering, though tottering, on its treacherous and sunken foundations. Passing on, frightening from our path the pet horses of some pet prince, we come to altar-like piles of plastered brick, on and around which are the *debris* of nobler temples than art and wealth ever built. Here, almost daily, writhe and roast and consume in intense fires the bodies of the dead. But on, to the gate-way of this area. We care not to enter. Lonely but not deserted. On the margin of its green, stagnant pools, beneath its clumps of rank vegetation, gaunt, vagabond dogs are tearing and crouching — what? On those trees a hundred black ravens, on those gallows-like cross-beams a score of great, gray, loathsome vultures are gluttoned, dozing. Gluttoned with what? Ah! if you have seen with us the vile crows floating and feeding on a little dead child in the river-tide, or the foul vultures rending it lodged in some margin eddy, and gulping it piece by piece, you know what. Human bodies, the flesh of men! Of men too poor of money or of friends to have the pittance of that honor paid to their remains, which burning, and burning alone, can give to a Siamese. What horrors are every day to be seen at Wat Sikate! What horrors of horrors, when the pestilence has loaded the burning-places of this Gehenna with hundreds of bodies first in this Golgotha, stripped of their flesh by dogs and crows and vultures! We hastened to re-join those whose woman-eye we would not to look upon such a sight — once seen, seen forever.

Would you go up to the Mecca of Siam, to Phra-Bat, that 'Sacred Foot' of Buddh, to visit which is the deepest longing of the devout? A few hours with the northward tide to Ayuthia, an ancient capital, a century ago destroyed by the Burmese invader. Within the old city's nine miles circuit of prostrate walls, the chief relics of former greatness and splendor, are the rankly overgrown ruins of temples and images. Here are the remains of sitting images fifty or sixty feet high. Tradition, perhaps history, tells of a standing image, in whose composition twenty thousand pounds of copper, two thousand pounds of silver, and four hundred pounds of gold were consumed. Distant three or four miles, and reached by elephants, or at seasons, by boats over tide-merged rice-fields, stands a wat which from 1387 (according to legend) has survived the devastations of time and of war. Its central pagoda has encircling galleries, a lofty dome, the home of a Buddh and of bats and crows, and a gilded spire with point four hundred feet, it is said, from the ground. Here are images innumerable, from the tiny Buddhling of three or four inches, to the majestic statue, many much prized

for age, many re-gilded by the present king. A recent and most reliable visitor estimates eleven thousand three hundred images within this wat. It is indeed 'The Golden Mountain,' revered and loved.

Seat yourself on one of the 'old-fashioned stage-coaches,' or on the deck of a ship of the jungle, or literally, on the back of a huge elephant, for a ride of twelve or fourteen miles. Or, if you fear being lost and wandering hours — like a lady friend of ours — with an ignorant guide, proceed in your boat to a higher point on the river. At all times many, at certain times multitudes, of gay and gayly-dressed devotees throng this route. At the landing-places are hundreds of ornamented boats, and on shore 'a little city of temporary houses,' merry, especially by night, with music, dancing, feasting, gaming, and theatricals. Leaving the revels behind, your elephant will 'spring' you along over the well-beaten road, pausing now and then for a draught of water for himself and you from the pilgrim-wells. A few hours and the sacred mountain looms up before you; its summit spired with pagodas, its base graced with a wat magnificent in all the magnificence of costly materials and art.

Toil up the long ascent of the mountain, not, with the devotees, on your knees, to the splendid temple, the casket of 'The Glory of Siam.' Foregoing the thrice-made round of the others, enter at once a hall twenty-five feet square, with walls covered with paintings, and pavement covered throughout with sheets of silver. No colossal image sanctifies, no imposing rites solemnize the place. But sacred and solemn it seems. You deem not strange the wish of those bowed worshippers — though perchance it find not words — 'Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' In the centre of the dimly-lighted apartment is a silver railing, about a yard long, a half wide, and a third high, over-hung by a canopy heavily gilded and curtained with cloth of gold. Within and beneath is one of the 'foot-prints' which so kindly

Buddh, 'departing left behind him,  
On the' solid mountain rocks

of Siam, Ceylon, and Burmah. It is however not to be seen. Whether wholly, as the devout say, 'on account of the many offerings covering it,' some might doubt. Indeed they might not, if present when, as annually by the king all those piles of yellow cloth are removed to robe the priests, and that wealth of gold to be transformed into images of Buddh, see any thing which their highest faith could make an imprint of 'The Sacred Foot.' But lest I weaken the faith of any, I transcribe from the French Bishop, in whose favored diocese it is, 'the history of this relic: In the year 1602 notice was sent to the King at Ayuthia, that a discovery had been made at the foot of a

mountain, of what appeared to be a foot-mark of Buddha. The king sent his learned men, and the most intelligent priests, to report if the lineaments of the imprint resembled the description of the foot of Buddha, as given in the sacred Pali writings. The examination having taken place, and the report being in the affirmative, the king caused the monastery of Phra-Bat to be built, which has been enlarged and enriched by his successors.

Who could longer doubt? But alas, it is believed, sadly believed by the thousands and thousands who, to 'make merit,' from all parts of the kingdom, at great expense, yearly pilgrimage hither with richest offerings of cloth and gold. How pitifully believed by those who, too poor for such costly gifts, stand for hours and with the large priest-fan, fan 'The Sacred Foot.' On two sides of the hall, in frames four feet by one and a half, are plates of gold set with jewels, purporting to be fac-similes of the foot-print. Go out from the dim silence of this great high-place and seek one more proof of faith and devotion. It is at another mountain, where many years ago Buddha sat to the sun, possibly an anachronism, for his daguerreotype. The plate was a vast granite rock, now constituting one entire side of a temple. But, *miserabile dictu*, to the 'Farangs' from over the sea, the type like the Typee is not visible. The substance faded, the shadow for them not caught! Their 'want of merit prevents their seeing it by day, though,' if known to be in haste in depart, 'they might see it when the temple is illuminated at night.' We cannot tarry. We cannot believe. We can, oh! how we do pity! Our wanderings among the Sacred Places of Siam are forever ended.

#### S O U L C O N F L I C T S .

DEFEATED! but never disheartened!

Repulsed! but unconquered in will,

Upon dreary discomfitures building

Her virtue's strong battlements still,

The Soul in the siege of temptations

Yields not unto fraud, nor to might;

Unquelled by the rush of the passions

Serene 'mid the tumults of fights!

She sees a grand prize in the distance,

She hears a glad sound of acclaims,

The crown wrought of laurels immortal,

The music far sweeter than fame's,

And so, 'gainst the rush of the passions

She lifts the broad buckler of right,

And so, through the glooms of temptations,

She walks in a splendor of light!

## DANTE FROM THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW.\*

It is usually maintained that the marked change in Dante's mind at the time of his exile came from indignation at his banishment from Florence, and that on this account he left his old associates, the Guelphs, and went over to the Imperialists. This view, however, cannot stand the test of examination, and is refuted by the facts of the case as well as by the whole inward development of the man. By mental constitution he was a cosmopolitan idealist, and his mind ever rose from local facts to universal principles, alike in letters, religion, and politics. While with the Guelphs, he hoped to secure to Italy her place among the nations by the union of the various cities and provinces under the protection of the popes. When sad experience taught him the essentially discordant disposition of the Italian communities, the restless ambition of the old nobles, the upstart arrogance of the new merchant-princes who despised the people from whose ranks they had risen, and the incessant intrigue and insatiate ambition of the popes, he evidently looked for some higher and broader principles of Italian unity more in accordance with the genius of the ancient Rome whose glory he cherished as part of his own birth-right. He sought for a successor to the old Cæsars, an embodiment of his ideal state, and his transcendental logic, craving an historic basis for its deductions, traced the providential course of the Roman sceptre from Cæsar Augustus through Charlemagne to his successors in the new German empire. His experience at Rome dissipated the fond vision that the popes were to restore the political unity of the world, and convinced him that the less they mixed themselves with politics, the better alike for church and state. His conversion, therefore, to the Imperial party went of course hand in hand with his opposition to the temporal dominion of Rome.

It must be remembered, moreover, that for eight or nine years before his banishment, his mind had been in a transitional state from youthful enthusiasm, through much worldly care and perhaps worldly indulgence, to a mature faith which renewed and transfigured all the visions of his youth. After the death of Beatrice, notwithstanding the agony of his first grief, he appears to have fallen for a time from his ideal of character, and to have been borne away on the general tide of secular thinking and living. He married into one of the conspicu-

\* DANTE'S *LEBEN UND WERKE*. Kulturgeschichtlich dargestellt von Dr. FRANZ X. WEGELE, Ausserordentlicher Professor an der Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1852.

THE *LIFE AND TIMES OF DANTE ALIGHIERI*. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated from the Italian, by F. J. BUNBURY. Two Volumes. London, 1852. RICHARD BENTLEY.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE F. LAMENNAIS. La Divine Comédie de DANTE ALIGHIERI, précédée d'une Introduction. Paris, 1855. Three Volumes, 8vo.

DANTE. Studien Von F. CHR. SCHLOSSER. Leipzig, 1855.

ous families of Florence, and probably was not exempt from the luxurious habits of his associates. He studied the new critical philosophy of the age, and perhaps learning to analyse, forgot to believe, and thus lost the impassioned faith of his youth. Political agitators completed the distraction, and he needed a severe discipline to win him back to his first love. He seems to have regarded himself as supernaturally converted about the year 1300. His troubles shut from him the garish light of the world, and a vision came over him which, like the evening star, led back to him the whole heavenly host of eternal truths. From that experience, whatever it was, he dates the origin of his great work and the final direction of his mind. Wegele portrays with a masterly hand the progress of this literary and apparently spiritual regeneration in his exposition of the 'New Life' to which we have alluded, and argues, from the absence of all political discussions in its pages, that the author wished to have one charmed sphere that should be wholly free from worldly strife, an end which he secured by the bold poetic license of antedating the work by some years, that he might thus revel once more in the dreams of his youth, and allow the world no dominion over his idol. Whatever may be the theory or explanation, the fact is undoubted that thenceforward he lived in a world of his own, and began to build it in lofty rhyme for all time.

Thenceforward, through all his bitter quarrels with his foes, and all his intense interest in the current of affairs, we may trace the presence of the same ideal theory of society, state, and church. The Beatrice of his visions was the type of his own thought, which had gone up from earth to heaven and sought to bring down to the earth the order of heaven's own law. If the vision proved his madness, there was method in the madness and a wiser method than in what worldlings call prudence. His education was now complete, and the lover, student, and statesman was to become the poet of Christendom.

The years of his exile were the years of his greatness, and, while a wanderer from Florence, he was building up that amazing structure of imagination which has outlived the dynasties that persecuted him. He lived twenty years after his banishment in various cities of Italy, yearning like a lost child for his native home, yet nobly refusing to return by any sacrifice of honor. He was generally the guest of princely patrons of letters, yet to a man of his nature, dependence however robed in splendor, was degradation; and he speaks with anguish of the misery of climbing 'other people's stairs;' tells 'how salt the taste of bread is, that is not our own.' During his exile his life was diversified by three sanguine efforts to subdue Florence to the Ghibelline or imperial interest, and to win for himself and his friends an honorable return. The second of these efforts was made under the auspices of the German Henry the Seventh, a generous and most worthy prince,



whom the poet regarded as the especial messenger of God and the head of the new empire that was to cover the earth. Henry's expedition inspired Dante's Latin work '*De Monarchia*,' and also his impassioned letter to the princes of Italy; the former work being an elaborate defence of the divine right of the Emperor and his independence of the Pope — the latter document being a vehement appeal to the Italian rulers to give up their dissensions and rally around the standard of the sovereign who had come in the name of the LORD to set all strifes at rest and to establish the great monarchy that was to crown the ages and bless the world. Henry's campaign began in 1310, and ended with his death in 1313. Before the works called forth by this eventful period, Dante had written the '*Convito*' or Banquet, an attempt to give a familiar view of true philosophy; and after Henry's death he wrote his treatise on the vernacular tongue; by both productions proving himself, and in spite of his high-toned dogmas of legitimacy, the father of popular letters and education. During the performance of these tasks, and throughout all his various wanderings, trials, and labors, his great work went on. How could it be otherwise? The *Divina Commedia* was himself, his times, his faith, his world, set to music. It was a growth more than a structure, and it grew as his own life grew, a living temple whose walls were drawn together like the tissues of the body by an organic affinity, and whose choirs learned their music as the heart learns its song. He did not call his poem by its present name '*Divina Commedia*,' but simply '*La Commedia di Dante Alighieri*,' meaning to signify not that the work was in the usual sense of the term, a comedy, but merely that it was written in the common colloquial speech, instead of the stately tragic phrase, and ended pleasantly instead of sadly.

The plan of the poem is too familiar to intelligent readers to justify us in any minute description, and we only give a simple outline to serve to show the poet's idea and justify our course of interpretation. It is based upon the opinions of his age regarding the structure of the universe, and undertakes to give in a hundred cantos a full portraiture of hell, purgatory, and heaven by a seer who shows at every step a full knowledge of his own earth. The first part, the *Inferno*, opens with a description of the poet's sad plight in the middle of life, when astray and benighted in a dark wood, he tries at dawn to climb a hill and is driven back by three beasts, a leopard, a lion, and a she-wolf. He is comforted by the appearing of a dignified personage, who announces himself as Virgil, and promises to show him another path which the she-wolf does not control, and which, after revealing to him the doom of the sinful, shall guide him to the land of the blessed. Virgil also predicts the coming of a greyhound that shall at last rid the earth of the wolf's presence. The poet follows his guide down into the caverns



of the earth, and sees the horrors of hell. This place is represented as having its centre directly under Jerusalem, and as being an immense, dark, circular abyss, becoming narrower by successive degrees as it goes deeper. The general form is that of an inverted cone, which has its base toward the surface, and its apex at the centre of the earth. The sides of it, on which his path lies, are occupied by a series of horizontal circles, or circular stages, generally separated from each other by steep descents, and diminishing like the rows of the amphitheatre. There are nine of these circles with various subdivisions. Into these dreary caverns the souls of the lost descend to depths according to their guilt, the worst sinners sinking into the lowest and narrowest spaces nearest to Satan, the infernal king, who is planted at the very bottom of hell in everlasting darkness. In the first five circles, or the upper hell, are found the different sins of incontinence, or sins of the passions, while the lower hell exhibits the doom of the malicious, or those who wilfully plot against their neighbor or their God.

It is very plain that the *Inferno* is founded wholly upon the poet's own ideas of human wickedness, and it is his own vision of judgment clothed in the mystical garb of his age. The common creed gave him the outline of the dark abode, but he peopled it with his own remembrances and creations in striking contrast with the monstrous spectres of current superstition. He starts from his own personal conflicts with wrong upon his pilgrimage, and sees, as in a mirror, the impersonation and punishment of the wrongs that had assailed him and his race. The luxury and restlessness of the leopard, that beast of Baccus, was not only Florence, but all lust like hers. The lion was the French monarchy and all reckless ambition of kindred mould. The she-wolf was Rome and the grasping avarice which Rome represented. Virgil was to him the impersonation of the classic literature, especially of the Roman political philosophy that saved him from the papal tyranny, taught him to study mankind profoundly, and prepared him for a higher guide through the heavenly spheres. All the forms of woe in hell are evidently the expression of tenderness which the poet had noted in books or experience. He sees every where the same principle of retribution at work, the principle that every sinner must be punished by turning his own sin against him; and in spite of many absurd distinctions between the lost and the saved that were required by the dogmas of the Church, the candid reader cannot but be impressed with the power of these terrible visions of judgment, and their general truthfulness to our reasonable ideas of the close connection between transgression and its doom. There is tremendous power as well as truth in his distinction between offences of passion and of malice; a distinction which needs no comment as we pass by gradual descent from the upper circle where the victims of lust dwell in darkness, tossed by fierce

winds, (with some instances of pathetic anguish, such as that of Francesca and her lover, which made Dante faint,) down to the lower circles where cold-blooded traitors and assassins dwell embedded in eternal ice. The horrible pilgrimage is relieved by many traits of exquisite beauty, such as the stories of Francesca and Ugolino, the description of the heathen poets who welcome the bard to their circle in the outskirts of the great gulf, and his interviews with Brunetti Latini and other friends, whose many excellent traits the sad necessity of their being theologically damned did not prevent him from appreciating and loving. In some cases, however, the poet loses mercy and makes hell the more horrible by his satire, as in his almost savage treatment of the traitor Bocca, whose face he kicked by accident without regret, and the murderer Alberigo, whose mask of frozen tears he refused harshly to remove, and his terrible lampoon upon his enemy Boniface the Eighth, whom the Simonists, who are stuck into the rock head downward, with the feet upward in the fire, are represented as expecting when Dante comes, and who is greeted by Pope Nicholas the Third from his rocky burrow, with the words, 'Are you already there, Boniface!' as much as to say, 'we have been expecting you.'

Great is the relief on quitting the dark abyss, and the reader breathes more freely as he is led once more into the light of the stars in search of Purgatory or the Mount of Purification. This mountain is represented as being on the opposite side of the earth, its summit being the antipode of Jerusalem. Nothing can express the transition better, and also show the poet's gift of description than a passage from the first canto in Leigh Hunt's translation, which we select because it preserves Dante's own rhyme, the 'Terza Rima,' and makes us wish that Hunt had understood Dante's spirit as well as his verse:

'THE sweetest Oriental sapphire blue  
Which the whole air in its pure bosom had,  
Greeted mine eyes, far as the heavens withdrew:  
So that again they felt assured and glad  
Soon as they issued forth from the dead air,  
Where every sigh and thought had made them sad.  
The beauteous star, which lets no love despair,  
Made all the orient laugh with loveliness,  
Velling the fish that glimmered in its hair.  
I turned me to the right to gaze and bless,  
And saw four more, never of living wight  
Beheld, since ADAM brought us our distress:  
Heaven seemed rejoicing in the happy light.  
O widowed northern pole! bereaved indeed,  
Since thou hast had no power to see that sight.'

This description of the Southern Cross has been thought by some of the poet's admirers to be a prophecy of the future discoveries of as-

tronomy, and surely it is quite remarkable, as we do not know in what way in that age he could have learned the stars of the Southern hemisphere unless Italian seamen had sailed farther south than is supposed. Landed on the shore of the Mountain of Purification, the poet and his guide are welcomed by the shade of Cato of Utica, who is strangely represented as the Porter of Purgatory, and probably because of his enthusiasm for liberty, which may be considered to culminate in purification from sin, as Virgil's words on introducing Dante to Cato, imply:

‘Now may our coming please thee. In the search  
Of liberty he journeys: that how dear  
They know, who for her sake have life refused.’

They see a vessel guided by an angel coming toward the mountain, and containing a hundred souls who sing the psalm ‘In exitu Israel de Egypto,’ ‘When Israel came out of Egypt,’ as they drew near. Among the company Dante recognizes his old friend Casella, who taught him music, and greets him in the most affectionate way before beginning to climb the hill. Now the poet, who was before a spectator, becomes a participant, and after having his forehead marked with seven Ps, in sign of the seven capital sins, he sees the letters vanish one by one as he climbs each range of the mountain, studies the inscriptions and pictures on the cornices, and submits to the discipline given him at each stage. On the top of the mountain Beatrice appears to him in her transfigured beauty, and by rebukes and counsel she prepares him for his ascent to the heavenly spheres. The top of the Mountain of Purgatory is represented as the old Eden, or the earthly Paradise, which was supposed to be thus uplifted and preserved. Here the poet, redeemed and forgiven, is restored to the state of innocence, and renews and glorifies the visions of his youth under the auspices of the fair spirit who had first opened his soul to spiritual beauty.

The journey through Purgatory is plainly his own experience expanded and idealized into a magnificent description of the suffering church, or the souls of the faithful under purifying discipline. The Purgatory abounds in passages of graphic beauty and of startling power. A tone of singular tenderness pervades the book and gives bolder relief to the more daring passages. The pilgrims do not forget nature or the human heart in their ghostly ascent, and the magnificent tableau of the course of redemption under the teaching of glorified spirits at the close cannot touch us more than such words as these, which sketch the evening hour when the spirits of the flowery valley sang their hymn ‘Te lucis ante terminum:’

‘T WAS now the hour when love of home melts through  
Men's hearts at sea, and longing thoughts portray  
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;

And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,  
Thrills if he hears the distant vesper-bell  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.'

Such words bring the stern poet at once home to our affections, and no ghostly superstitions can conceal from us the living humanity that he bears with him through the purgatorial fires to the heavenly spheres. The dread mountain itself answers to the heart of mercy, and shakes its mighty chorus to the hymn of the faithful, the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' that rises whenever a soul has completed its course of penance and been purified.

From the top of the mountain, or the earthly paradise, he ascends with Beatrice to the heavens in their nine circles, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, the Primum Mobile, to the Empyrean of God's Eternal Light. It is somewhat comforting that the poet's hell is so small and his heaven so large; hell being about three hundred miles in diameter at top (about the size of our own Empire State) and a quarter of a mile at bottom, while heaven is the whole universe outside the earth. The Paradise is decidedly the most wonderful portion of the poem, although less startling than the Inferno, with its materialized horrors, and less exciting than the Purgatorio, with its struggling and victorious aspirations. The Paradise is the most wonderful, because such effects are produced from materials so ethereal, such as light, music, motion; because the whole history and life of religion are exhibited in the most consummate artistic portraiture; and because, with all its dogmas and ritualism, it presents the purest spiritual religion with a daring that presumes to unveil the GODHEAD HIMSELF, and with a humility that makes our current forms of pious expression seem like presumption. The Paradise is altogether too methodical and intellectual in its structure to make it proper to attempt any brief analysis. The whole tone justifies our view of the spirit of the poem. The historian Schlosser, keen and rationalistic as he is, calls the Paradise a complete manual of contemplative wisdom, a guide-book to the higher life. The keynote is evidently Dante's own experience of spiritual religion, and from the heaven of his own soul he shapes the heaven of the redeemed. The whole poem has thus a unity in its nature and its form. The motive was Dante's own intense experience, and the book was thus his Pilgrim's Progress. The form was virtually an effort to write the Drama of Humanity in three acts—Humanity lost by Sin, Redeemed by purifying pains, Humanity glorified in the Light and Love of God. The attempt was stupendous, and the achievement not a failure. The *Divina Commedia* is probably the greatest single work of human genius ever produced; for no other one composition embodies so much learning, thought, fancy, imagination, and eloquence.

It is at once an auto-biography, a political philosophy, a system of physics and metaphysics, a body of divinity, a Whole Duty of Man. It is an encyclopædia set to music, a Kosmos bursting into song. Through all the parts the one purpose appears of showing forth the journey of the soul to God. The division of the whole into a hundred cantos is expressive, and thus the poem is a hundred-voiced choral that chants the 'Te Deum' of centuries. The measure itself, the Terza Rima, with its interlaced triplets, sounds the notes of the sacred march; and through hell, purgatory, and heaven, it chimes forth, like responsive choirs, the glories of that three-fold majesty before whose presence he at last prostrates him in silence entranced:

'O ETERNAL LIGHT!

Sole in THYSELF that dwell'st, and understood

By THEE art understood by THEE alone:

And understanding THEE hast love and joy.'

If climax is the ruling idea of art, then is Dante master. He took humanity and God for his theme, and from first to last, with wing that never tires until he rests before the sapphire throne. It is a majestic temple, not in stone, but in song; a cathedral symphonized in three parts, beginning with the sepulchral crypts, and rising into airy spires, whose sweet bells answer the music of the spheres with their chimes.

No space remains for dwelling upon the poet's influence as indicated by his character, genius, and ideas. We are far from claiming for him any exemption from frailty or error. He has been too honest with himself to leave us in doubt as to the strength of his passions; and every careless reader may see on every page, that he took most of his theory of nature, man, and religion, from the current notions of his age. But his strongest passions were hatred of meanness and love of justice and truth; his dearest theory of the universe taught that all true life is from God, and to know and to love God, is to live eternally. In this faith he was the Plato of his age; and the best of the old commentators, the Platonist Landino, has done him but simple justice. His intellectual power was vast alike in range and force. To universality of thought and intensity of feeling, he added a faculty of vision wholly without parallel. He saw all ideas, affections, purposes projected, as it were, into reality; and every seed of thought started up at once before him in its flower and fruit. Hell, purgatory, and heaven thus have a marvellous distinctness, that unites something of Swedenborg's comprehensiveness with Milton's grandeur and De Foe's minuteness. Equally marvellous is his range of emotion, and he touches every note of passion, from burning rage to tenderest devotion. He has Swift's grotesque humor, Spenser's sweetness, Luther's wrath, and A Kempis's spirituality.

He had strong passions to subdue, and with his Germanic force, which tempts Wegele to claim him as a German, no small leaven of Italian excitability was mingled. Boccaccio says that he was sometimes so provoked by being called names in the street by saucy boys, that he threw stones at them. His stern face evidently disguised from the multitude his gentle heart; and there was probably some reason for the remark made of him by a woman of Verona, as he was entering a door: 'That is the man who goes to hell when he pleases, and brings back news of the people there.' 'Very likely,' said her companion: 'don't you see what a curly beard he has, and what a dark face?—owing, I dare say, to the heat and smoke.' The poet smiled at the remark, and so do we.

He had a tremendous will, and every line of his pen carries as much determination as the lines of his face, especially of that obstinate lower-lip. He was an exile, yet was never conquered. Florence banished him, and he tried to humble her pride before the true ruler. When the world turned against him, he made another world more to his mind, and gave his foes—and especially the foes of man—their deserts. He put into hell the popes who oppressed him and the Church by their greed; and allowed no pope nor bishop, but the great master of the interior life, St. Bernard, to interpret the Godhead in the empyrean. His first love became another's, and then was taken away: she returned to him in transfigured beauty, and heavenly wisdom and grace, in the form of Beatrice, led him through the starry spheres. His political idol, Henry VII., died baffled in his schemes of winning back Italy to its old allegiance; but Dante gave him a throne in heaven among the saintly kings who had served God on earth with sceptre as sacred as the crozier according to his creed. The world that he made was so much of a reality, as to make the names in his pages immortal; and some of the descendants of his enemies have said that they would give any thing to have had their ancestors put into Dante's Inferno, as such notice would have made the whole family famous. With all his will, however, he did not carry his point; for no man can turn back the course of time and restore a defunct age. He was a Roman and a Christian, and believed in retaining the Roman empire and the Christian faith, with State and Church distinct, with an emperor not a pontiff, and a pontiff not an emperor. His great poem is pervaded with this idea, and exhibits the poet's exalted notions of the sacredness of the civil empire as well as of the Church. He is Virgil evangelized, and his song is at once an *Æneid* and an *Apocalypse*, zealous for the throne of the Cæsars and the priesthood of CHRIST as coördinate powers, as in the days before Hildebrand set the priesthood above the throne. He is the great troubadour-prophet who would proclaim the '*magnus sæclorum ordo*' which Virgil foretold in his *Eclogues*, and Justinian prepared by his *Pandects*. His best bio-



grapher, Wegele, has called his poem the 'swan song of the Middle Ages,' and in one sense it is so. Yet although the age died with the song, the song did not die with the age, but expressed rather than exhausted its life, by the utterance that breathed its power into men. The spirit of the song must outlive the forms and traditions of the time, for it belongs to humanity and to God. It belongs to the great future of literature, and shows us letters emancipated and popularized without losing their prophetic consecration. It belongs to the social progress of humanity, and especially to the true life of the household; for never since time was, has woman found such a champion of her commission from God to charm and spiritualize life, as in this stern prophet of song. The *Divina Commedia* is a living word still also for statesmen; and the ideal emperor whom the poet celebrated in his tracts and verse is but an embodiment of that sovereign right which is destined to subdue local strifes and national wars into the peace, freedom, and law of the true humanity that is to be under the reign of God. Religion, last and chief of all, cannot spare the bard, for he is the most religious of poets; and the song that made him thin with meditation, glows from first to last with the fire that burns and consumes not. He was a devotee yet a reformer, and with the spiritual faith of Fenelon he mingled the daring liberty of Luther, as earnest for Catholic piety as hostile to papal abuses.

He died at Ravenna, in 1321, after renewed disappointments and mortifications in his search for the peace that he found not from men. His mean dress was changed for triumphal robes; his furrowed brow was crowned with laurel; and nobles and people crowded to do honor to his dust. We now can interpret that funeral as they could not. To us his coffin is the cradle of a new civilization, and from that Requiem of the past rises the Resurgam to the future. Can we not share something of his own power of vision, and as we stand by him thus robed for the grave, do not mysterious voices whisper to us of the things that shall be? Do we not hear the infant tongues of new worlds of letters lisping the promise of their fame? We see Dante not dead but living, the father of the literature that is our life. He sits chief among our poets with Shakspeare and Milton on either side, amidst the majestic hosts of song, the organ of a word human yet divine — divine surely to be proved when the word shall be rid of its human alloy, and God shall be heard speaking in all the true thoughts and good deeds of men. God of the ages — who of us is not ready to say it? — the great poets are His creation! We bless HIM for them, and pray that their inspiration may be the nearer and dearer to us as our lives march to the music of their song, as sings our bard at the close of his great poem:

'In even motion by the love impelled  
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.'



## ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

## B R E A D .

WHAT shall we eat? What shall we drink? And wherewithal shall we be clothed? continue to be considerations that exercise the carnal and worldly, notwithstanding the Divine injunction to the contrary.

In its persistency in the effort to secure a wardrobe, the wicked world has succeeded in a manner quite satisfactory. Doeskin and calico have accomplished the result. If, however, there be a great lack of the conscientious fibre in the French cloths manufactured in the Bay State, and Valenciennes and Brussels have not experienced the purifying properties of the sea-air, the delusion is perfectly harmless. The pocket, it is true, may be depleted without adequate consideration; and self-love may wince under the conviction of a simulated and tawdry apparel, but in this there is nothing alarmingly fatal. The innocent possessors of sensibilities so delicate will survive the shock of the exposure. But *eating* and *drinking* require serious consideration. *What* it is that people eat and drink they scarcely know. There is a nomenclature, it is true, belonging to this great science of regaling the physical man; but with reference to their original application and use, the terms now employed are certainly misnomers. We speak more particularly of articles of food which undergo a process of preparation, and are somewhat removed from a condition of nature.

We find bread, for instance, compounded of potatoes, alum, beans, chalk, carbonate of magnesia, silica, pipe-clay, bone-dust, plaster of Paris, sulphate of copper, etc.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, roasted wheat, and beans, mangel-wurzel, acorns, etc. Tea is mixed with leaves of the beech, elm, willow, poplar, sand, starch, etc., and the dangerous auxiliaries, Venetian red, chrome yellow, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, etc., are subsidized to give the counterfeit the requisite color.

That which is sold for sugar, contains sand and plaster of Paris. And the cerulean fluid yecept milk, if it be not elaborated in the diseased organisms of briefly caudated animals, is at least diluted with water and thickened with chalk, and in some instances with sheeps' brains!

It may be interesting to the extractors of tobacco-juice to know, that while they are complacently enjoying an imaginary cud of placid contentment, they are in fact chewing a quid of bitter disappointment; and to those who resort to combustion of the delightful narcotic for visions of happiness in the upper-regions of the blest, to learn that they

are regaling themselves with the fumes of most unsentimental and uninspiring materials. Tobacco contains the following refreshing ingredients: bran, oakum, cabbage-leaves, sea-weed, roasted chickory-root, beet-root dregs, fuller's earth, sal-ammoniac, carbonate of ammonia, salt, potash, opium, etc. It was not long ago, that an importer in this city refused to pay the legal duties on a package of segars at the Custom-House, on the ground that *there was not a particle of tobacco in them!*

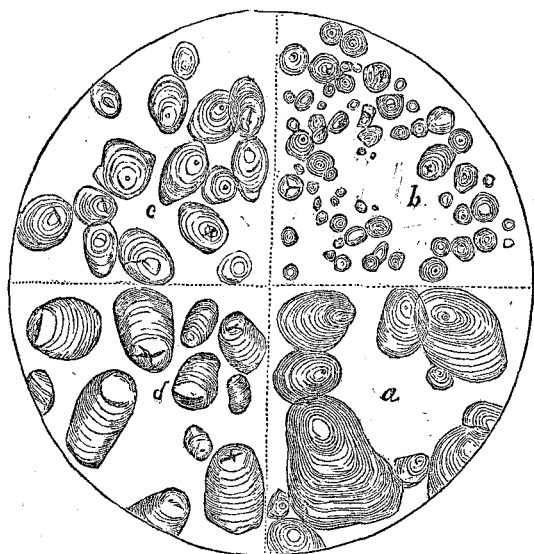


FIG. 1.

*a*, Granules of Potato-starch; *b*, of Tapioca-starch; *c*, West-India Arrow-root; *d*, Sago-starch.

This system of adulteration, when extended to the depreciation of what supports life, or, worse, when it furtively intermixes a health and even life-destroying agent, should be exposed, in order that it may receive from the public the condemnation it merits; and legislation ought to be enlisted in the suppression and punishment of the baneful fraud. In this country as well as in Europe, the practice of adulteration extends to almost every article of food. Not only do luxuries possess the deleterious ingredients, but the commonest necessities of life are contaminated; so that all ages, classes, and conditions are exposed to the noxious effects of this shameless outrage, the extent of which seems to be limited only—if at all—by the impossibility of finding materials valueless enough to be profitably used.

Scarcely any thing that we eat or drink is free from falsification of some kind; either by mixture of a cheaper article of the same general

alimentary character, in which case we only pay an exorbitant price for a given amount of really nutritious food, and are only cheated out of our money; by the substitution of harmless yet inferior and not equally palatable substances, in which case we are defrauded not only of our money, but of the proper amount of food, and the enjoyment of it; or, finally, which is far worse, by the addition of injurious, and often highly poisonous substances, for the purpose of giving a satisfactory color, improving the appearance, or of disguising certain products of decomposition in a damaged article. In this last case, we are swindled every way—in our pockets, our palates, and in our pancreatic functions.

The detection and exposure of a large class of these adulterations is within the province of chemical science, and the analyst can with the most unerring precision detect the existence of any of that class of substances called *inorganic*, and determine the quantity to the minutest fraction of a grain.

But in the determination of many *organic* substances, it becomes necessary to call in the aid of the microscope. Before this instrument was brought to the aid of chemistry, many adulterations of food of a most pernicious character were quite beyond the reach of exposure. Chemical reagents revealed very little respecting the use of organic matter in adulterations. The chemist was utterly powerless to distinguish the leaf of the veritable T. Bohea of celestial growth, from that of the willow or the hawthorn. He could not distinguish between pure ground coffee, and the semblance of it containing a large proportion of chicory. But the microscope, with its auxiliary use of polarized light, and the various superior appliances with which modern art has supplied it, has left no problem unsolved in this direction. It unravels the most delicate vegetable tissues, and by the peculiarities of their structure, designates the true and the false with unfailing certainty. All vegetable forms have definite organisms, these organisms varying in different parts of the same plant. The root, stem, leaf, and fruit, all exhibit a marked difference in their organic structure—a structure detectable in the minutest particle, even when it has been ground to impalpable powder, and torried by excessive heat; so that, for instance, it would be impossible to adulterate the ground coffee-berry with other parts of the coffee-plant without detection. Even when there is a close resemblance in the organisms to be singled out from each other, there still exist slight shades of difference that enable the microscopist to decide with certainty between the real and the counterfeit. And so vigorously does this instrument, in the hands of a master, define the form, measure the size, and analyze the structure of the most delicate animal or vegetable organisms, that the most cunning adulterations are brought to light, leaving no escape for those who, in

supplying our alimentary wants, are guilty of these criminal falsifications.

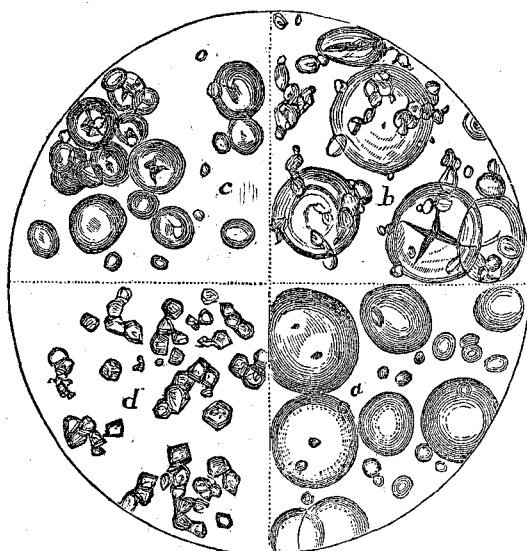


FIG. 2.

*a*, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, of Rye-flour; *c*, of Indian-corn; *d*, of Rice-flour.

It then remains for the people at large to rebuke the fraud, to redress the high-handed wrong, and to punish, through the competent authorities, those who thus recklessly trifle with the public health.

If by the publication of an extended series of chemical analyses of food, accompanied by the most searching microscopic examinations, we can expose 'the tricks of the trade,' and awaken in our own citizens a determination to live longer and better on pure food, the effort shall not be wanting; and the names of manufacturers and dealers who (so far as our investigations extend) are guilty of these adulterations, will be published. All that we desire is, the coöperation of honest manufacturers and dealers, and the sympathy of the suffering public.

The following list, taken from the results of the labors of Hassall, Marcet, Mitchell, and others, of England, and corroborated by examinations in our own country, will give a condensed history, past and present, of the adulterations of the more common articles of food. Many of the substances used are not only harmless, but even nutritious, but their presence too often involves the addition of still other and more objectionable constituents, for the sake of preserving color, and improving the general appearance of the articles.

Flour: Rice, beans; rye, corn, and potato-flour; alum, bone-dust, powdered flints, plaster of Paris.

**BREAD:** Mashed potatoes; rice, bean, rye, and corn-flour; chalk, plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, alum, carbonate of ammonia, sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc.

**SUGAR:** Wheat and potato-flours, tapioca, starch, water, lead, iron, sand, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris.

**COFFEE:** Chicory, roasted wheat, rye, and potato-flour, roasted beans, mangel-wurzel, acorns, burnt sugar.

**COCOA AND CHOCOLATE:** Maranta, East-India, and Tahiti arrow-roots, Tous les Mois; the flour of wheat, corn, sago, potato, and tapioca; sugar, chicory, cocoa-husks, Venetian red, red ochre, lard, tallow, mutton-suet.

**TEA:** Exhausted tea-leaves, leaves of the horse-chestnut, sycamore, plum, beech, plane, elm, poplar, willow, etc.; lie-tea, sand, starch, black-lead, gum, indigo, Prussian blue, turmeric, Chinese yellow, China clay, soap-stone, rose pink, Dutch pink, chrome yellow, Venetian red, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, carbonates of lime and magnesia.

**TOBACCO:** Water, sugar, molasses, salts, oil, rhubarb, potato, coltsfoot, dock, and other leaves, sawdust, earthy matter, sand, nitrate of soda, etc., etc.

**VINEGAR:** Water, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid.

**PORTER AND ALE:** Water, sugar, molasses, salt, Coccus Indicus, grains of paradise, capsicum, ginger, quassia, wormwood, calamus-root, caraway and coriander-seeds, orange-powder, liquorice, honey, sulphate of iron, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, alum, carbonate of potash, oyster-shells, hartshorn-shavings, nux vomica, beans.

**GIN:** Water, sugar, cayenne, cassia, grains of paradise, sulphuric acid, coriander-seeds, angelica-root, oil of almonds, calamus-root, almond-cake, orris-root, cardamom-seeds, orange-peel.

**COLORS AND CONFECTIONERY:** East-India arrow-root, wheat and potato-flour, hydrated sulphate of lime, cochineal, lake, indigo, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, carbonate of copper, white and red lead, vermilion, chromate of lead of different shades, gamboge, sap green, Brunswick green, arsenite of copper, Indian red, brown ferruginous earths, etc.

**PICKLES:** Salts of copper.

**PEPPER:** Wheat and pea-flour, ground rice and mustard-seeds, linseed-meal, pepper-dust.

**SNUFF:** Chromate of potash and lead, ferruginous earths, red and white lead, carbonate of ammonia, lime, powdered glass, powdered orris-root.

**CAYENNE PEPPER:** Ground rice, mustard-husk, salt, red lead, bisulphuret of mercury, Venetian red, turmeric, brick-dust.

**GINGER:** Wheat, sago, and potato-flour, ground rice, mustard-husks, turmeric-powder.

**HONEY:** Flour, cane-sugar, chalk, pipe-clay.

**LARD:** Potato-flour, water, mutton-suet, salt, carbonate of soda, caustic lime, alum, potash.

**MUSTARD:** Wheat-flour, turmeric, yellow ochre, chromate of lead.

Such are the results of the investigations to which we have referred. In view of the diversity of the constituents, which is shown by the above list to enter into our daily food, the naturalist might classify man as an omnivorous animal, in the broadest sense. Judging us by the amount of ferruginous earths, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris, etc., that we are obliged to swallow in our daily bread, we might also appropriately be ranked with the *clay-eaters* of Siam or Kamtschatka. Fortunate indeed if we are not pinched with colic, prostrated with paraly-

sis, and irrecoverably poisoned through the insidious effect of the most destructive metallic salts and oxydes with which our food is seasoned.

Many foreign articles come to our markets surcharged with villainous compounds; while the modes of adulteration in this country differ but little from those employed in England, except in cases where the required material is cheaper or less available.

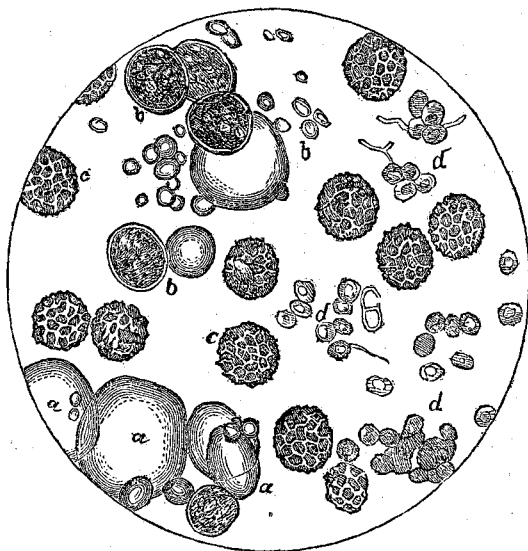


FIG. 3.

*a*, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, Puccinia Graminis (Sporules of); *c*, Sporules of Uredo Caries; *d*, Sporules of Uredo Segetum.

The four varieties of starch represented in Fig. 1, as seen in the field of the microscope, will illustrate, though imperfectly, the discriminating power of that instrument: we say imperfectly, for it is impossible to represent in an engraving of this kind the more delicate shades of difference that characterize them in the eye of the observer. The difference in size, however, of these and other varieties of starch granules, is generally sufficient to distinguish them from each other, varying, as they do, from the one hundred and eightieth part of an inch — the size of potato-starch — to the twelve hundredth part of an inch, about the average diameter of the granules of buckwheat-starch.

The characteristic shapes exhibited by the granules of the potato, sago, and tapioca starches, and West-India arrow-root, under the microscope, are sufficient, independently of their relative sizes, to distinguish them. The oyster-shape, and the distinctness of the concentric rings having their common focus, if we may so call it, at one end, mark the



potato-starch; the oblong form, truncated at one end, that of sago; the irregularity of form, sometimes even becoming triangular, that of maranta, or West-India arrow-root; the more nearly circular form, and the tendency to compound granules, consisting of two, three, or even four united, that of tapioca. Thus by the microscope, and by that alone, we detect the adulteration of sago with potato-flour; tapioca with potato-flour and sago-meal; and West-India arrow-root with all three.

Bread in itself contains nearly all the elements, and in almost the requisite proportions, indispensable to the sustenance of man: nerve and sinew, bone and adipose tissue, alike gather strength and fulness from its substance. It is, more than any thing else, the universal pabulum of civilized man. Not inappropriately, then, has the word 'bread' become the synonym of food. Such is the universal necessity, such the unceasing demand for, and enormous consumption of, bread, that the adulteration, even to a moderate degree and with the least hurtful materials, becomes a great wrong to the public: but the revelations of the microscope and the test-tube show that the avarice of the dealer has not spared even the 'staff of life.'

Figure 2 represents the starch granules of different varieties of flour, as seen by the microscope, and illustrates the ease with which the more innocent modes of adulteration — the mixture of inferior with the more valuable farinas — are detected. The starch is readily separated from the gluten, by making a thick paste of the flour, wrapping it in a piece of cotton cloth, and kneading it with the fingers while a very small stream of water is running over it. The starch washes through the cloth, and will subside readily in the water, and may be easily transferred to the microscope. If it should be a sample of damaged flour, you may find scattered here and there in the field of the instrument, the different varieties of fungus growths depicted in Figure 3, *b*, *c*, *d*, of which *b*, (*Puccinia Graminis*), is commonly known as *rust*; *c*, (*Uredo Caries*), as *pepper-brand*; and *d*, (*Uredo Segetum*), as *smut*.

These fungi we have often detected in an examination of samples of inferior brands of flour in this city. They will seldom be found associated together in the same sample.

A still more uninviting picture is sometimes exhibited by the microscope, and one that is calculated to suspend the gnawing of hunger in a sensitive stomach. (See Fig. 4.)

The *Vibriones Triticæ* exist usually in the blighted grains of wheat, as a cottony substance, exhibiting great activity except when perfectly dry. From this latter condition, however lifeless they appear, and though they crumble at the touch, they can be restored to a lively existence by simple moistening. It has been supposed that these



animalcules do not find their way into flour through the meshes of the miller's bolting-cloths, but they certainly exist in the damaged article.

The *Acarus Farinæ* is another accompaniment of damaged flour; *a*, *e*, *b*, *c*, represent this mite in its different stages of development, from the ovum to the full-grown animal.

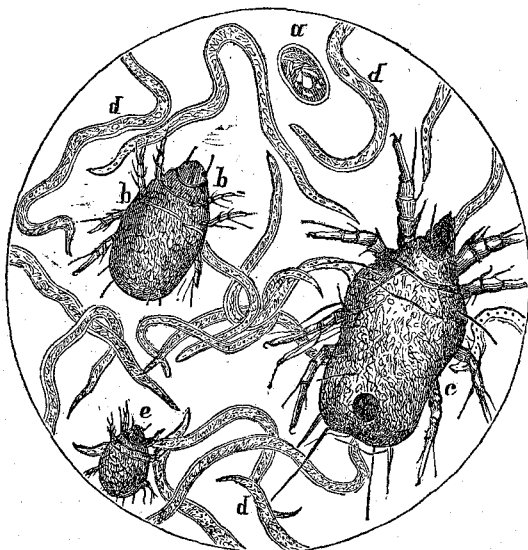


FIG. 4.

*a*, Ovum of *Acarus Farinæ*; *b*, *c*, *e*, *Acarus Farinæ*; *d*, *d*, *Vibriones Triticæ*.

To the adulterations of flour and bread with the inferior farina, there is another class of substances superadded that can be detected only by the aid of chemical reagents. We refer to the extensive use of alum, sulphate and carbonate of lime, and more rarely perhaps, carbonate of magnesia. The use of alum serves a variety of purposes: First, it enables the baker to use a larger proportion of inferior flour without essentially affecting the appearance of his bread. Secondly, he can use with impunity damaged flour. Thirdly, it gives to bread, made even from the best flour, a whiter appearance. Carbonates of lime and magnesia are also used for the purpose of improving the appearance of bread and disguising an inferior quality of flour.

The effect upon health of the daily use of these substances, with some of which baker's bread is almost universally contaminated, is most pernicious. The continual use of food containing carbonate of magnesia is likely to result in the formation of the most painful calculi. We ask for bread, and they give us a stone.

The astringent effect of alum as a medicine should satisfy us of its

evil effects as a constituent of food. The natural result from its continual use is acidity of the stomach, costiveness, dyspepsia. We may here state that, with scarcely an exception, alum is to a fearful degree a constituent of baker's bread in New-York City; and in many instances, lime and other deleterious substances are associated therewith.

The June number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* will contain carefully-prepared analyses of twenty-five different varieties of baker's bread in New-York, and the names of the bakers.

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M A D A M E D E C H E V R E U S E .

WE present our readers this month with a portrait of the celebrated Madame de Chevreuse, the cotemporary and rival of Richelieu and Mazarin, and the most distinguished of the illustrious women who figured at the Court of Louis XIII. From the life of Madame de Chevreuse, by Victor Cousin, recently published in this city, we select a few of her remarkable traits and incidents. She belonged to an illustrious family, dating its origin back to the first sovereigns of Brittany. All her cotemporaries unite in celebrating her beauty. She was possessed of an irresistible grace and vivacity, full of talent, yet very ignorant, sharing in all the perils of the Catholic party, but scarcely thinking of religion, too proud to condescend to prudence, and curbed only by honor, devoted to gallantry, and counting all else as nothing, despising for the one whom she loved, danger, opinion, and fortune, more restless than ambitious, and willingly staking her own life, as well as that of others; and after having passed her youth in intrigues of every sort, thwarting more than one plot, leaving on her path more than one victim, travelling over Europe as an exile, yet a conqueror, turning the heads of kings — after having seen Chalais mount the scaffold, Châteauneuf expelled from the ministry, the Duke of Lorraine almost despoiled of his estates, Buckingham assassinated, the King of Spain engaged in an unsuccessful war, Queen Anne humiliated and vanquished, and Richelieu triumphant; sustaining the struggle to the end, always ready in the game of politics which had become her necessity and her passion, to descend to the darkest intrigues, and to make the rashest resolves; of an incomparable eye for recognizing the true position of affairs, and the enemy of the moment, and of a mind strong enough, and a heart bold enough to undertake to destroy him at any cost; a devoted friend, an implacable enemy almost without knowing hatred, in short, the most redoubtable enemy encountered in turn by Richelieu and by Mazarin.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS volume of translations from the 'Norske Folkeeventyr' tales, collected by MM. ASBJORNSEN and MOE, is a creditable addition to scholarly as well as to nursery literature. It should find a place on the same shelf of the reader's library with GRIMMS' 'Kindermährchen,' or 'Household Stories,' MME. D'AULNOY'S 'Contes de Fées,' 'The Treasury of Pleasure Books,' HALLIWELL'S 'Nursery Rhymes,' and THOM'S Romances; and when the children have been sent to bed, happy from the hearing of one or another of its amusing stories, maturer age may take it down and find food for thoughtful reflection. With the growth of comparative philology and ethnology there has been a happy corresponding growth in the material upon which those sciences have been founded. For example, many nursery rhymes and fairy stories and tales of adventure which formerly descended from generation to generation through the lips that told them in the long winter evenings by blazing fire-sides, have now passed into books, and constitute a very respectable body of literature. Passing thus from memory and oral narration to the printed page, gathered by industrious and skilful collectors, and compared and edited by such accomplished philologists as the Brothers GRIMM and their disciples on one side of the channel, and HALLIWELL, with his fellow-laborers, on the other, they brighten wonderfully the dark places in the early history of our own and all Teutonic races, and often flash a transitory gleam into that gray dawn of time, when on Iran, the central plain of Asia, the Aryan race divided, the one part crossing the plain of the Five Rivers and descending upon India, there to wear away the centuries in passive indolence, the other sturdily making its way to the farthest west, unhindered by deserts or oceans, and bearing aloft the standard of the world's civilization. Along the high-ways of history, too, the service of these stories is considerable. They have more than once revealed that an event which has passed for a veritable incident in the life of a nation's hero has had its ground-work in a fictitious plot common to Greek, Latin, Kelt, Teutonic, and Slavonian nations.

A curious instance of this last observation is the story of 'WILLIAM TELL' and his shot at the apple on the head of his son. Its date in commonly received history, is about the year 1307, though it was not told in Switzerland for two hundred years later. It appears, however, from one to two hundred years earlier in 'Saxo

Grammaticus,' the 'Wilkina Saga,' and the 'Malleus Maleficorum,' with variations in only unessential parts, but all preserving the master-shot, and the third arrow concealed for the death of the tyrant. GRIMM has shown conclusively that it lingers in the traditions of nearly all branches of the Teutonic race — Norway, England, and the upper Rhine have it; it is common to the Turks and Mongolians, and a legend of the wild Samoyeds relates it of one of their marksmen.

Mr. DASENT shows, also, that that famous hound Gellert, upon whose last resting-place the traveller comes as he passes down the lovely vale of Gwynant, is a mythical dog, and never snuffed the fresh breeze in the forest of Snowdon, nor saved his master's child from ravening wolf. This, too, is a primeval story which came from the East, and is found with variations in the 'Hitopadesa,' in PILPAY'S Fables, in the Arabic original of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' in many medieval versions of these originals, and in the 'Gesta Romanorum.' The argument, of course, is that these common possessions indicate a common origin; and it is difficult to see how the conclusion can be evaded. Words in common imply an origin in common with hardly more strictness.

The Norse cosmogony and mythology are seen by glimpses in these tales and traditions; and Mr. DASENT has collected their scattered fragments into a single picture, taking here a bit of light and shade from Saxo's stilted Latin, here a color from the early 'Sagas,' and there an outline from the two Eddas; Æsir and Odin, abiding on Asgard, the sacred hill; Utgard, the outlying world, where reside Frost-Giants and Monsters, and all brave and indomitable, forever struggling against a certainty of impending doom — the twilight of the gods. The heroes of the Norsemen are visible through the same medium — brave men and fair sorrowing women, now alike gathered around Odin's board in the Valhalla. How this mythology of the Norsemen fell after a combat of centuries with Christianity, is also related, thus leading us to expect what indeed has since happened — heathen gods donning Christian dresses, though after centuries of Christian teaching. Hell, to the Norse peasant, is a place where they lack fire-wood at Christmas. Here, as in other mythologies, the gods descend and mix among mortals, and not gods alone, but also inferior powers; there survives the same inextinguishable belief in a returning age of peace and plenty; men are transformed into beasts, or assume such shapes at their own will and pleasure. Greece had its cycle of animal traditions, which in Æsop's time were worn and washed out and moralized, and so the Norse nations have their beast-epic, full of a close observation of nature, dashed with humor, or pointed with satire. Giants and Trolls are here, and the powers of nature find an incarnation almost as readily as in the Greek and Roman mythologies.

These Norse stories have a delightful freshness. The conventional and artificial story of the present day bears no comparison with the frank, bold, humorous, and fresh vivacity of these tales, made when the race was young. Chastity and rectitude are always uppermost in the long run. The lassie is bright, good, and helpful, and the man brave, honest, and manly.

We had hoped, in this number, to place beside these tales, as a companion-piece, the English and Scottish ballads, collected and edited by Professor CHILDS, and published in LITTLE AND BROWN'S superb edition of the British Poets, but our space forbids, and they await a separate discussion in our next issue.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON: narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his hand-writing at different periods. Vol. I: 1608—1639. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. New-York: BLAKEMAN AND MASON.

No faithful student can extend his researches far into any department of history without discovering how very few good biographies have been written. They are rarer than good histories. Now and then a 'Dr. JOHNSON' has his BOSWELL, or a 'FREDERICK the Great' his CARLYLE, or a 'WASHINGTON' his IRVING; and each of these in its way, has left us little or nothing to be desired; but other heroes of the world, less fortunate, are preserved for after-times only in memorabilia, or we are suffered to see them when girt with state robes, or riding at the head of armies, but never in the loose slippers and lounging attitudes of familiar life. SOUTHEY'S observation, that a Life of MILTON was 'as yet a desideratum in our literature'—a remark made in spite of the fact that several biographies of one kind or another had been written—is likely to lose its truth now through the labors of Prof. MASSON. But who can ever write the life of SHAKESPEARE? and where is there a biography of Sir THOMAS MORE, a greater desideratum than the Life of MILTON?

It is not merely in its fulness of detail, but also in its breadth of view, that Prof. MASSON'S life excels. JOHN AUBREY'S life of the poet in the '*Athenæ et Fasti Oxonienses*,' TOLAND'S life, BIRCH'S memoir, JOHNSON'S, TODD'S, Sir EGERTON BRYDGES', MITFORD'S, EDMONDS', KEIGHTLEY'S, besides various monographs like that of MACAULAY, or the more valuable ones, like HUNTER'S 'Sheaf of Gleanings,' and MARSH'S 'MILTON Papers,' have together supplied nearly all the important facts upon which a more thorough biographer would desire to begin his labors, though in following the track of these and other less noted gleaners, Prof. MASSON has here and there frequently fallen upon scattered sheaves, which add considerably to his store. But while his labors are preëminent in respect of amplitude of detail and minuteness of research, they are also distinguished above the labors of most biographers, in this, that they constitute not merely a biography of MILTON, but a continuous history of his time. The ecclesiastic and civil politics of the day, the career and conduct of Archbishop LAUD, the growth of Puritan dissent, are described; and English literature and philosophy, during the Laureateship of BEN JONSON, are carefully surveyed. Thus we have a connected historical view of life in England during the period prior to the great revolution, which deserves the closest study in itself, and quite apart from its relations to the young poet JOHN MILTON, so soon destined to run a career in the eyes of the world, far more brilliant than that of any of his contemporaries, HALL, QUARLES, SUCKLING, WALLER, USHER, CHILLINGWORTH, HOBBS, and who not.

His present biographer notices, as others have before him, that MILTON'S life divides itself with great exactness into three divisions, corresponding with the contemporary social movements. The first, which is that covered by the present volume, extends from 1608 to 1640, the period of MILTON'S education, during which he wrote the most of his minor poems, English and Latin; the second, extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the restoration, the

middle period of his activity as a writer of polemic prose; and the third and last, extending from 1660 to 1674, the period of his later muse, and the publication of 'Paradise Lost.'

In many respects, the first period of which Prof. MASSON has here written, is the most interesting of the three. It is the one certainly which has been most neglected, and in which, therefore, a faithful biographer might hope to find more than elsewhere matter, possessing a new interest, and susceptible of new groupings and exposition. It is remarkable that in this period, all, or nearly all, of MILTON's minor poetry, whether English or Latin, and a considerable part of his ablest prose was written. In other words, leave out 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' and there remains the rest of MILTON's poems, the ode on the Nativity, 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas,' all of which were completed before his thirty-third year.

A special feature of excellence in this volume, is the use made by his biographer of MILTON's 'Prousiones Oratoriæ,' or 'Academic Essays and Exercises,' written while he was a student in Cambridge. It is strange that, although in print since 1674, these have rarely, if ever, been noticed by biographers. The poet's life at Cambridge, the atmosphere of letters by which he was surrounded, the discipline, the curriculum, and all conceivable particulars of his academic career, are the subjects of a new and interesting chapter. Perhaps the most able chapter of all is that upon Church and Government, and Bishop LAUD. Not the least interesting, however, is that which describes his continental journey. Here all the achievements of an age of steam and electricity are put out of sight and mind, and with a skilful and rapid pencil the biographer brings before the reader the picture of Europe in 1638, when RICHELIEU was weaving the purple of France's greatness, when GROTIUS was writing on law, when GUIDO RENI and SALVATOR ROSA were painting, and BOROMINI building, TASSO's noble friend MANSO still living, and the Academia della Crusca flourishing, and when GALILEO had with his telescope revealed, as it were, the planetary and stellar worlds. How the imagination leaps to think of MILTON clasping the hand which had held the head of TASSO, and gazing through the tube 'at evening on the top of Fesole,' into those far spaces which 'starry Galileo' first explored, or holding high converse with that venerable sage on the theories of COPERNICUS, for advocating which he was even then suffering the confinements of the Inquisition, frail, old, and blind.

When his work is completed, we hope to review Prof. MASSON's labors as they deserve. For the present, we must content ourselves with these meagre statements and praise, and close our notice with that sentence which MILTON appended to the account of his journey, and with which his biographer closes his first volume:

'I again take God to witness,' he says, 'that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God.'



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER:' PART THIRD AND LAST.—When our 'NULLIFIER' jumped off from the North Pole, after his adventurous celestial voyage, and landed in the State of Connecticut, he came down at so public a spot, that his descent was witnessed by several of the inhabitants, who instantly seized upon him as a conjuror, and carried him off to trial. He was weighed against a big BIBLE, 'found wanting,' and was condemned to be burnt: but the moment he heard his sentence pronounced, he took to his heels; and as the diabolical kangaroo could jump as far as he pleased, he found no difficulty in making good his escape.

He immediately leaps his way back to the South; taking Washington City on his route. He steps into the Senate-chamber, Congress being in session, where he finds 'the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER on his feet, in the act of presenting a petition in behalf of the venerable NOAH WEBSTER and others, his converts and disciples,' which the learned member introduces with 'a touching encomium upon this patriarch of the birch, and grand-father of Letters and Spelling in America.' An imitation, not *very* close nor over-felicitous, is here given of the great departed orator's language and manner: of which the subjoined sentences may be taken as an example:

"MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE: I know but too well that my own poor visage, ill befitting as it is to accompany a name so venerable and so glorious, (*clarum et venerabile nomen*,) can but little recall the noble and gentle and intellectual lineaments of the divine old man, whose portraiture, opposite to the title-page of his first great production, his Spelling-Book, I doubt not is engraved on the hearts of all who hear me.'

'At this truly affecting appeal, I saw many of the distinguished personages present lay their hands, with what they call, in the French Chamber of Deputies, *une tres vive sensation*, upon that part of the body where Dr. WEBSTER's image is perhaps the most legibly imprinted. 'The master saw the madness rise,' and felt how strongly he had struck the electric chain which bound his audience to him. With that incomparable eloquence, therefore, which places him above all other speakers—whether his forcible arguments scatter dismay among the supporters of a tyrannical tariff, or his equally powerful logic enforces its justice, its constitutionality, and its expediency—he continued in the same ingenuous strain:



“If there be any thing in my poor talents which merits the smallest part of the fame with which, I can most unaffectedly say, I am overwhelmed, it is to the lessons of the immortal Dr. WEBSTER that the praise must be awarded. It is easy to see, Mr. PRESIDENT, that New-England, always the chosen seat of spotless good faith and of patriotism the most devoted and enlarged, is destined to be as preëminent in learning and the elegant arts as she already is in the Arcadian simplicity and guilelessness of her manners: in short, that joining Doric severity to Ionian elegance, in her rarely-compounded character, it is inevitable that she must become the *Magna Parens* of Taste, of Learning, and of Politeness, to all the less favored regions of our land. Happily for our Southern neighbors, Heaven has implanted in the breast of all genuine New-Englanders a sacred desire of propagating every where the virtues which, but for their humanizing efforts, would remain almost peculiar to themselves. Over-running, in their self-devoting labors, the most inaccessible, the most inhospitable shores: missionaries every where of Integrity, and Knowledge, and Disinterestedness: ‘Pilgrims,’ still, to every shrine where Freedom may be worshipped, and Gain despised: they are always sure to attach themselves to no objects save the improvement of those around them. Such, indeed, is their zeal for the comfort and improvement of the poor people among whom they carry their talents and their virtues, that I have often known men of the most eminent attainments, in migrating (as lawyers, physicians, and clergymen) to the South, to take their carriages full of checkèd-handkerchiefs and tin-ware — articles much used in that section by those who are rich enough to buy them — and distribute them along the roads where they passed, for a price next to nothing.

“I shall, at no remote day, do myself the honor of calling the attention of Congress to a general project for the advancement of Learning and Taste in America, by rescuing from the neglect into which the jealous artifices of European authors have caused them to fall, those wonderful achievements of our early writers, which gained them, in their day, such prodigious applause among those best of all possible judges of merit — Themselves. A complete conspiracy has, as was indeed but too natural, combined the men of letters of all other nations, against a literature which, it is easy to see, is destined sooner or later to overwhelm all others. The design of my project is, to apply to those things which are of the growth of the Understanding, the same noble and philosophical principles which have been accompanied with such distinguished benefits, when made to act upon Trade and Industry. Nothing more will be necessary, than a few effective measures of Protection to our Home Productions, in order to confer upon us a superiority as decided in moral workmanship as we have already obtained in all physical handicrafts. It is well known that extensive and active manufactories of all intellectual wares, from the light and airy fabrics of the poet, to the ponderous and solid ones of the mathematician and divine, have long existed in most parts of New-England. Of these institutions it is acknowledged to be the remarkable peculiarity, that they alone give to their pupils such a general proficiency, that they rarely fail to be equally skilful in all the sciences and all the arts. Their scholars are generally good tailors, saddlers, shoe-makers, and hatters: not uninformed in joinery, upholstery, and ship-building: singularly expert as masons, stone-cutters, architects, and civil engineers: excellent at the making and drinking of beer, cider, and switchel.

“To these diversified talents, the greater part of them add no slight knowledge in the noble art of making a bargain: in singing psalms with the genuine evangelical twang and snuffle: and in exercising a very keen though innocent inspection into the domestic

secrets of their neighbors. These lighter and more elegant accomplishments are farther adorned with many other amiable and gentle qualities of the heart, which make them every where the delight and admiration of those among whom they inhabit or sojourn. Beside all this, they are as temperate as Kentuckians, benevolent and disinterested as Ohioans, intelligent as Pennsylvanians, modest as New-Yorkers, brave as Virginians, and generous and courteous as South-Carolinians. They are invariably skilled in dentistry, surgery, and medicine: in compounding and imitating all kinds of drugs; in Jurisprudence and Peddling; in Theology, and the making of tin-ware. Beside their own Attic dialect, they are occasionally able to speak, if not to write, the vulgar English of the Southern States, and of Great-Britain. In the other modern tongues, they are so skilful as to have introduced very extensive Castilianisms into the Spanish; to have largely corrected and reformed the Parisian pronunciation; to have restored the true Tuscano-Roman speech, which had latterly begun to degenerate; and to have brought about a perfect amalgamation of Saxon and Low Dutch, which has been so long a great desideratum in German literature: joining to all these eminent attainments an accurate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek grammars, and a considerable knowledge of the Smaller Catechism. They are also, for the most part, singularly fitted to become authors of Dictionaries, singing-masters, presidents of colleges, bar-keepers, extensive merchants, lecturers, venders of wooden clocks, ('failures' to be exchanged for other failures, collected on a return-trip,) missionaries among the Florida Indians, and other Southerners, professors of commercial mathematics, etc. I am about to submit,' continued Mr. WEBSTER, 'for your consideration, because its justice is self-evident, the primary branch of a plan for the encouragement and protection of Northern learning and genius. Mr. PRESIDENT, I offer the following Bill:

“AN ACT concerning WEBSTER'S Spelling-Book, and to Define the Powers of the PRESIDENT:

“*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled:* That on and after the third day of March next, it shall not be lawful for any boy, girl, child, or infant, or any other person or persons whatsoever, within the limits of the United States, to learn or study their AB ABS and EB EBS out of any other Spelling-Book than the ‘*American Spelling-Book*,’ invented by Dr. NOAH WEBSTER.

“Sec. II. The sole use of the said Spelling-Book of NOAH WEBSTER being enjoined, and the introduction of all others prohibited, it is hereby declared That all boys, girls, infants, children, school-masters, parents, and guardians who fail to use it, or surreptitiously seek to learn from the spelling-books of MURRAY, DILWORTH, and similar authors; and all printers and stationers who attempt to print or publish, and all merchants and traders who endeavor to import or vend, any other such forbidden spelling-books; shall be considered guilty of treason against the United States, and be punished accordingly. And to secure the observance of this act, the Army and Navy of the United States are placed at the disposal of the PRESIDENT, and it is hereby declared to be his high and sacred duty to enforce it at all hazards.’”

‘The bill passed by a vote of thirty-one to fifteen.’

Our hero now finds himself, as it were, entered anew into the world: but a world which held nothing that he loved, except the memory of his sainted LAURA. All joy, all passion, all hope, had perished with her, and had left him no other desire than to share her place of rest. Sweeter far to him than the loftiest throne of power, or the downiest couch of pleasure, would have been the repose of that quiet grave. Alike through the joyless day and the haunted slumbers of the night, one ceaseless anguish, one undying regret, filled every thought and every dream.

The image of his buried love — cold, dead, mouldering in the grave — was forever present to his remembrance. The universe was spread in a dreary calmness around him, and seemed only a wide mausoleum of her whom he had lost. As he had learned, however, from the moralists of every age, that in earnest employment in the duties of life, in active and virtuous exertion, was to be found the best antidote against painful remembrances, he resolves to mingle again in the affairs of mankind: hoping that peradventure the extinguished lamp of passion might be rekindled at the shrine of glory and ambition. Joining in the general contest for power and fame, he carries with him an energy of purpose which nothing but despair could have inspired, and which rendered him eminently successful in acquiring all that he struggled for, except the *oblivion* for which which he 'sought carefully and with tears,' but all in vain. He stood in legislative halls: he entered the arena of politics. He joined the ranks of war; and on many a well-fought field his step was the first in the advance and the last in the retreat:

'CHIEFLY, however, I devoted myself to the contemplation and study of inanimate Nature. I had always possessed an enthusiastic admiration of her charms; and I now roamed from country to country, with scarcely any other purpose than to view her under different aspects, and to gaze upon her face forever varied and forever lovely. I beheld the sun rise from the Atlantic wave in all the gorgeous magnificence of his ocean drapery, and his setting beams tinge with rose-hues the summits of the Alpine mountains. I stood on the far shores of the northern seas, and saw the arctic lights stream over the illumined sky, and fill all heaven with their phantasmagorial splendor. I gazed on the clear blue summer sky from the solitary forests of the Alleghanies, and saw the mountain-eagle cleaving its deep expanse with his broad strong pinions. I viewed the mighty ruins of the ancient civilized world, and the ivy-covered castles of the baronial ages, and the gorgeous palaces of the capitals of modern Europe. I strayed along the banks of the Teviot, the Tweed, the Arno, and the Rhine. I wandered through England in the autumn, through Italy in the summer, and through France in the season of the vintage. I sailed amidst the spice-islands of the Indian seas, and reposed beneath the odorous shade of Chili's boundless forests. I roamed through the interminable prairies of the Missouri, during their early solitude, when mine was the first step, save that of the Indian, which had ever trod the flowery waste. On land and on wave, on mountain and on plain, in sunshine and in storm, I wooed the loveliness of Nature; and in communion with her sacred spirit, endeavored to lose the sense of my own loneliness and despair. But it was in vain. It was in vain that I ransacked the realms of learning, the heights of power, the world of imagination and of reality, in search of the talisman of *forgetfulness*. Never, either in the society of the gay and the wise, or in the lonely pursuit of knowledge, or in the daring visions of ambition, or in the pompous senate-hall, or on the crimson battle-field, or in the crowded city, or amid the solitude of unpeopled nature — never, my buried Love! wert thou for one moment forgotten or undeplored!'

Finding that the world contained nothing which he could value, and that the consuming anguish within him was rapidly wearing away his frame, and bringing his existence to its close, he resolves again to visit LAURA's grave, and to pass the rest of his days in solitude beside it: in order that he might at least enjoy the only melancholy pleasure which remained to him: that of breathing his last sigh over

her ashes, and of mingling his own with them in death. He repairs to the spot, and constructs for himself a rude shelter in the recesses of the forest. Every day he passed many hours at her grave, in the indulgence of a grief which TIME, contrary to his usual wont, seemed rather to increase than to assuage. Let the reader now prepare for a startling 'surprise,' not exceeded, we venture to say, by any of the 'sensation' stories which burthen the columns of so many of our ambitious weekly journals.

Several times 'our hero' had observed something like a human form wandering amidst the trees around him, and fancied, more than once, that he saw the white waving of a woman's robe. But the object was so indistinct, that at first he little regarded it, and thought that perhaps the motion of the foliage had deceived his vision. At length, however, it approached so near, that he 'perceived it to be a lady of a fine person, and exceedingly graceful movement.' But let the 'NULLIFIER' tell his own story of the most wonderful discovery which ensues:

'THERE was that in her air (for the distance prevented my seeing her features) which seemed not unfamiliar to me; or which at least awoke something like a vague recollection. I approached her; but as I did so, she retired along the path which had formerly led to Mr. DOUGLAS's residence. I felt myself irresistibly impelled to obtain a nearer view; and, hastening my steps, overtook her. She turned around—sacred heavens! was it possible?—could I believe my senses? Yes: it is—it is LAURA herself: it is my own LAURA, so long lost, so deeply lamented, whom I now clasp to my throbbing and transported heart!

'Seven years, it is true, had not passed without having wrought some change in her person, but to my delighted gaze she seemed even lovelier than ever. The flower of her early beauty had now expanded into the glory of its prime. In her appearance enough of youthful freshness still remained, blended with a more majestic gracefulness of person, and a loftier tone of intellectual expression.

'Mutual explanations ensued. It will be recollected that when I left Mr. DOUGLAS to prepare for my marriage, KALOUF had remained behind. From him, during my absence, LAURA accidentally learnt the secret of the bargain which existed between me and the DEVIL, and the fate which my marrying her would bring upon me. Her love for me made her at once resolve that I should not incur the penalty. Knowing that argument would never induce me to resign her, she determined to withdraw herself from me by pretended death. This scheme was executed, and succeeded as I have related. She had herself witnessed, concealed at a little distance from her supposed grave, my preparations for leaving the earth, though without any suspicion of my design, until she saw me actually take flight.

'With even more than my former passion, I now urged an immediate union. To this, however, there still existed the same obstacle as before, and for several days all my pleading was ineffectual. During this time I observed, without knowing what to think of it, that LAURA had several earnest conferences with KALOUF. At length, after the last and longest of them, with a look of mingled exultation and sadness, she consented to be mine, and we were soon after married.'

It should be explained, that since his return from the skies, regardless of the services of his diabolical assistant, KALOUF, he had been without his attendance. It was not until the recovery of 'his LAURA' that he again summoned him. Im-

mediately after his marriage, he called him to his aid; commanded him to build him a magnificent house of white marble, and to place in his private room an iron chest, containing a million of guineas. When this was completed, he told him to pack off for the Lower Regions, as he had no farther use for him. 'You will yet see me again!' said KALOUF, as with a spiteful scowl he disappeared.

For many years afterward, our 'hero's career was as prosperous as possible. He lived in the most sumptuous manner; a numerous family grew up around him, and 'every thing around breathed of wealth, happiness, and honor.' He had filled various important offices with applause, and was now looking to the last and the highest. On the eighth of October, 183-, after a busy day, he was calmly seated by the parlor-fireside, about nine o'clock at night, with the newspapers before him. His wife was by his side; several of the eldest of their nine sons and daughters joining in their conversation, while the young ones were gambolling over the carpet. 'The room displayed every thing that taste or luxury could desire, and wore the comfortable and genial air which a blazing hearth bestows.' A pattering rain beat against the windows, and the voice of the coming winter sighed in the gale without. It was a scene of happiness and contentment, into which it seemed impossible that any shape of evil should intrude. The happy master of the scene, and all its accompaniments, was deeply engaged in calculating what States would go for, and what others against him, in the approaching election for PRESIDENT, when suddenly his old acquaintance, THE DEVIL, stood before him!

The poor 'NULLIFIER' was not only amazed — he was horror-stricken. In his reverses of sorrow and of joy, he had kept little note of the flight of Time, and suspected not how swiftly it had moved. He did not dream that he had not at least a dozen good years left; instead of which, the whole thirty were now at an end! But 'Auld CLOOTIE' appeared not now in the softened guise with which his victim had seen him clothed at their former interview. He came *now*, not to beguile and to win, but to *claim* his victim: his figure was more colossal; a fiercer wrath kindled up his features, and a gloomier grandeur was seated on his brow. A diabolic grin of malicious exultation somewhat relaxed his countenance, only to render it more terrible, as he fixed upon the pleasant group the glare of his large and fiery eyes:

'He had on the same old blue coat that I had seen him wearing thirty years before. Its enormous pockets seemed stuffed fuller than ever with papers. He thrust his hand into one of them, and pulled out a large bundle, tied with red tape. 'I think,' said he, 'the time of your bond is nearly run out: let's see; here it is: no, this is a lien I have on the chairman of the committee of manufactures in the House of Representatives, who drew up the tariff act of 1832: the three members from South-Carolina who voted for said bill are also included. This is another lien, on the President of the United States, who threatened his native State with the bayonet, in case she attempted to defend her liberty. This is the bond of the old woman who edits the *Richmond Enquirer*: she hopes to become an ambassador, but I think will miss it. This is the compact of a big South-Carolina general: he expects to be made sheriff down yonder, but I know better than to trust him. Ah! here's your bond, at last: it is due this night, at twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock.'

'The large clock before me pointed to within ten minutes of the time! Who can

paint the agony which thrilled my heart, as I prepared to take leave of LAURA and happiness forever! But it was to her that the DEVIL addressed himself. 'Come, Madam,' said he, bowing very low, 'please to get ready. I must immediately have the pleasure of your company.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed I. 'I am your victim; but thank Heaven, I alone. Upon that pure and angelic creature you can have no claim.'

'You are mistaken,' said he: 'I have a claim, so legal that Heaven itself cannot save her from me. Here is her bond, signed by her own hand, by which she is now forfeit to my power. I see, Sir, that this was done without your knowledge. You are to understand that a few days before your marriage, LAURA sent KALOUF to me, requesting an interview. She there proposed that I should take her, as a substitute for you. To that I consented, and in exchange for your bond she gave me her own; of which I now demand, and will have payment.'

'This was indeed too true. LAURA's generous love had prompted her to the heroic act of sacrificing herself in order to save me. It was in vain that I now entreated and implored the DEVIL to take me instead of her: it was in vain that I vehemently urged that I was his proper victim. He was inexorable.

'Since the time of EVE,' said he, 'there has been upon this earth nothing in female shape that I have been so anxious to possess as your LAURA. However,' continued he, 'I have a variety of business to attend to, which will occupy me upon earth for nearly a week. It will probably be four days before I return. I will leave you until then to get ready to accompany me. I will also make an offer which will afford you a chance of escape. Provided that you will deliver to me the souls of twenty-five other persons, I will take them as a substitute for yours, and agree to cancel your bond.'

'Thus speaking, the DEVIL disappeared.'

And now what does our enterprising 'NULLIFIER' do? He instantly sets to work, and *Advertises for Twenty-five Souls!* — 'being very anxious to obtain them, having abundance of money, willing to allow a high price, and pay the cash down!' Returning to his house, after seeing his advertisement conspicuously inserted in all the newspapers, he finds two or three hundred persons assembled to treat with him — 'all Yankees,' of course! He soon bought the required twenty-five, at prices varying from two to ten dollars, as the fear or avarice of the seller predominated:

'TOWARD the last, as the company perceived that my number was nearly made up, great competition was excited, and of course prices fell exceedingly. I could then have bought as many as I pleased, for next to nothing. Those who had not sold, went away bitterly bewailing their disappointment. After paying to each man his money, I locked up my new purchases in a safe room, telling them that in three days I would deliver them to the DEVIL. There they remained, very busily engaged in swapping clothes and trading with each other; and I was informed, that by night there was not a single one of them who had not made at least six dollars by his speculations.

'The DEVIL returned punctual to the time. I now met him without fear, and producing my twenty-five substitutes, demanded a receipt in full. 'My friend,' said he, looking scornful and offended, 'I had a better opinion of you than to suppose that you would attempt to cheat me in this shameful manner. Do you think to pay your debt to me in that which is my own property already? This is the same as if you owed your neighbor twenty-five cattle, and were to go into his field and take beasts



with his brand on them, and offer them to him as payment. These men all have my mark upon them. And beside, to put the matter on another ground, this is no compliance with my offer, for these creatures *have* no souls. I will show you.'

'The DEVIL, it is to be understood, is a wonderfully skilful chemist, and knows how to analyze all substances, whether material or spiritual. In a few minutes he erected a furnace, seized one of the Yankees, and disengaged from the body that which in these animals supplies the place of a soul. It stood up before us, a thing utterly strange and indescribable. He put it into a large crucible, reduced it to a fluid mass, and then separated the component parts. It consisted of

	PARTS IN A THOUSAND.
Cunning, . . . . .	125
Hypocrisy, . . . . .	125
Avarice, . . . . .	125
Falsehood, . . . . .	125
Sneakingness, . . . . .	125
Nameless and numberless small vices,	140
Essence of Onions, New-England Rum, Molasses, and	
Cod-Fish, . . . . .	235
	<hr/> 1000

'There,' said the DEVIL, holding it up: 'do you call that thing a *soul*?'

'With a furious and exasperated look, he was now just about to seize LAURA in his horrid clutches, when at that moment there came a subordinate demon, in great haste: 'My liege,' exclaimed he, 'the Unionists are holding a meeting in Charleston! You are wanted there immediately!' At this news the DEVIL, delighted, flew away instantly, saying to me that he would return the next day.'

Our narrative now hastens to a conclusion. Obtaining thus another short respite, the NULLIFIER bethinks himself of some other method of escape. He visits three famous conjurors in South-Carolina, relates his case, and entreats them, if if possible, to devise some means for his relief. They inform him that there is but one effectual plan; and then retire into a large apartment, and begin their magical rites. Let us see how they went to work: They set out a large pot, nearly filled with water from the Savannah river. They threw into it the writings of JEFFERSON, M'DUFFIE, HAYNE, etc., a parcel of bones gathered from the battle-fields of the Revolution; and a variety of other powerful ingredients. They placed under it, as fuel, large quantities of a newspaper called '*The Columbia Telescope*,' which presently took fire by its own internal heat, and blazed upward with a ruddy and intense flame. Here are portraits of the 'Conjurors.' The reader will have little difficulty in recognizing them:

'Of these conjurors, one was a tall and slender man, with an eye of extraordinary brilliancy, and a Southern impetuosity of speech and manner. He had just arrived at that age when the intellect is strongest, and ambition is most ardent. He was distinguished by the loftiest talents and the purest integrity. In his presence, almost every one felt that indescribable power by which the superior spirit sways the minds of other men with an indefinable and commanding charm. He for the most part sat still, waving his wand, and reading from a paper dated, 'Pendleton, July 26th, 1831,' and called an '*Exposition*.'

'The second was not large in stature, but well formed, with dark hair, thick whiskers, and a very military air. His sparkling black eye was lit up with humor, wit, and



uncommon fire. His whole mien and bearing indicated that a tenement of clay was never animated by a spirit more ardent, enthusiastic, and determined. Every chivalrous quality adorned his character, and had procured him the appropriate appellation of 'the BAYARD of the South.' He looked as if there was nothing whatever of noble enterprise which he would fear to attempt; or which, having undertaken, he would ever abandon while earth or heaven afforded means for its accomplishment. *He stirred the pot!*

'The third was about six feet two inches high, and thirty-seven years of age. His hair prematurely thinned and tinged with gray, gave fully to view his broad, lofty and receding forehead. His eye was large, full, and gray; his person exceedingly noble and majestic; and every movement and every gesture was the perfection of manly gracefulness. He was possessed of an eloquence scarcely surpassed by that of his ancestor, the famous orator of Virginia, and which seemed sufficient to animate any heart, except that of a submissionist, with the same passionate spirit of courage and love of liberty which burned in his own. His speaking features glowed with the expression of such transcendent genius, generosity, courage, and magnanimity, as heaven and nature only bestow, at rare intervals, upon some favorite child.'

This last 'Conjuror' it was, who spoke '*The Incantation*,' which was in 'brave and threatening blank verse:' and as the 'words of power' were spoken, the thick vapor which arose from the boiling cauldron and filled the whole apartment, gradually gathered itself together, and became condensed into the shape of a beautiful and glorious female SPIRIT. 'Her figure was of supernatural size, and displayed the perfection of symmetry and grace. A flood of rosy light was poured around her person, which shone with the ineffable loveliness of eternal youth. A shining helmet was on her brow, beneath which long waving hair as bright as sunbeams flowed over her uncovered shoulders. In one hand she held a flaming sword, and in the other an olive-branch, while on her left arm hung a broad and glittering shield. Her eyes sparkled with celestial fire, and their glance alone seemed sufficient to strike terror into whole armies. A robe, like that of a Grecian goddess, flowed lightly around her. It was of pure white, with here and there a few streaks of a crimson hue. Her whole form was invested with such beauty and such majesty as immortality alone may wear; and would have been too dazzling to look upon, but that a placid shade softened the fierceness of the radiance, and made it tolerable to human sense.' The magnificent SPIRIT smiled benignly, and bidding 'our hero' dismiss his fear, took LAURA by the hand, while he placed himself at her side. The time for the return of the DEVIL had now arrived. Accordingly, presently he came flying in, his countenance inflamed with wrath and impatience. The first object that met his eyes was the angelic protectress. 'What's that?' inquired he in the utmost astonishment. 'That,' said his late subject, 'is NULLIFICATION!' At that awful name the DEVIL, with a shriek of horror and consternation, instantly took to flight. 'I have neither seen nor heard from him since,' writes our narrator; 'but should he ever hereafter attempt to molest me, he shall be again NULLIFIED!'

And thus ends the wonderful history of our wonderful 'NULLIFIER,' at which good-natured 'YANKEE' editors, we perceive, laugh as 'consumedly' as any body else.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The fourth number of the '*Editorial Narrative-History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*,' prepared for the present issue, and which is much longer than its predecessors, is deferred until our next; owing to a pressure of other matter: which, as was once said of a certain political 'pressure,' no one 'will find any occasion to regret.' Both numbers, we have reason to believe, will be all the better for the delay. - - - If we had not once made the *Voyage of the Upper Lakes*: if we remembered not the Indians, and the stockade-fences, and the gorgeous 'shows' of the 'abrogynes' receiving their yearly store of flaunting calicoes and gay broad-cloths, at Mackinaw; perhaps the following would not strike us so forcibly as it does now: but *now* we can assure our readers, that aside from the incidents 'in keeping,' the sketch is one which is exceedingly graphic and picturesque, in all its external features: and as '*A Case in the Upper Courts*,' perhaps it may have an added interest to our legal friends:

'WHILE enjoying my summer's cruise around and among the 'Upper Lakes,' not many seasons ago, a little *Judiciary* incident occurred, of which I desire to make a brief note. Our party of seven had bidden adieu to the '*North Star*,' (that most gallant of all Upper Lake steamers,) when we chose Madaline Island as the fittest point to gather an outfit for the pilgrimage to the head-waters of the Mississippi, and thence down to St. Anthony. We had already procured our canoes, engaged our guides, and appointed the hour of two P.M. as the time of setting out upon the journey. In the mean time, it became necessary for each to look after sundry items of individual want, that could not be provided for in the Commissary's department. Let me say here, that these seven citizens, of as many different States, unacquainted heretofore with each other, formed the plan of the trip the evening before, and had now set to work to carry it out. We had blankets to buy; 'stogy' boots; pistols; ammunition, knives, tomahawks, and woollen over-shirts; in fact, a whole invoice of new articles seemed necessary for the enterprise. As fast as we were able to get the items together, we piled them in the warehouse, ready for shipment. One o'clock had arrived; and it occurred to all that several hours had passed since we had seen the flower of the party, an individual whom I shall name ROSENBAUM: 'What has become of ROSENBAUM?' This was an inquiry of great moment: 'Could it be possible that some of the wild Chippewas, who were loitering around the town in hundreds, had spirited him away?' All of us made diligent search: I went toward the north; and as I passed the corner of the American Fur Company's Stockade, a great crowd of aborigines, old and young, male and female, were congregated around a long, low log-house: some looking in the open windows, or the doors, or through the interstices of the logs. At first it struck me that there might be a funeral; perhaps some one dying; twenty things flashed through my mind; but our lost ROSENBAUM was entirely absent from my thoughts. Determined to see all that I could of the manners and customs of that hyperborean region, over I went: nudged my way among big Indians, and stood within the 'hall.' Zounds! what did I see? Poor unfortunate ROSENBAUM sat before me, a picture of utter despair, all ready equipped for our tour: red shirt, big brogans, tarpaulin hat, revolver in his belt, and a scalping-knife in each hand. He sat beside a table, looking sorrowful, downcast, dejected: opposite him sat a tall, rough, undignified individual, a Justice of y<sup>e</sup> Peace.

Frenchmen, Indians, half-breeds, and some other grades of human life, and innumerable dogs, stood, sat, lay, reclined, and 'hung about,' all anxiously looking for something to come out of a law-suit there pending. ROSENBAUM looked the victim. Could it be that our *compagnon de voyage* had violated any municipal regulation?—had he broken the peace?—committed an offence against the city, township, county, State, or United States? What kind of a Court was it? That was a question I could not at the first glance fully discover. Was ROSENBAUM a prisoner of state, or was he arraigned for a civil offence? The thought struck me that our journey was at an end: perhaps each and all were to be periled, like the prisoner within the bar!

'ROSENBAUM at length caught a glimpse of me; and joy sprang to his eye at once: he was a new creature. He made a lunge to reach me, but the constable retarded his progress. I ventured up to his side, and he revealed to me his heart-corrosions. 'I am in a bad scrape, my dear fellow,' said he: 'that man has sued me, to recover the price of some beef which I sold him a few months ago: the beef is not good; but he paid me in copper stock, and that isn't worth half as much: I think they will put me in jail; and I cannot go on this trip. Is there an attorney in the company? If there be, for Pity's sake, send him here, or I'm a 'goner'?'

'As good luck would have it, we *did* have an attorney 'among us;' and he came to the rescue just in time to save the severest penalty of the Court being pronounced upon the prisoner. I saw how the thing was tending: the 'Bench' leaned toward the side of the prosecution at more than the old angle of forty-five degrees. *Indian* swore the beef was bad; *Dutchman* swore the beef '*was* not wort one kreitzer:' *Frenchman* swore the beef was 'ver' bad:' and *Yankee* corroborated the whole. Now, what defence could ROSENBAUM set up? There was the purchase-bill receipted: evidence of payment. Every one, and ROSENBAUM to boot, knew the quality of the beef to be bad. He mildly insinuated that the copper-stock taken in payment smelt worse than the beef: but that was ruled out by the 'Bench.' The Court had, time and again, passed its opinion, that the defence should be held to answer.

'Just at the nick of time, our attorney came into Court as the counsel for the defence. After a few words with his client, he addressed the 'Bench: 'May it please the Court, where was this sale transacted?'

'In Chicago,' was the response of the amiable Judge.

'Then, Sir, I demand the release of my client, upon the ground that you have no jurisdiction.'

'Do you mean to say that I do n't understand Jurisprudence?'

'Oh! no, your Honor: I think, as we are in the State of Wisconsin, and as the beef was purchased in Illinois, your Court has no right to try the cause!'

'That's *jest* what I tho't all along: the case is ended: the prisoner is discharged!'

'So, you see, we got our ROSENBAUM out of a bad snarl; but the ruling of the Court made *one* man a very wrathful individual; and that individual was the unwilling owner of the beef. He frothed like a wild Arab; swearing eternal vengeance upon his successful antagonist; and boldly insinuating that he should not leave La Pointe alive. When we stored the last bit of dunage in our canoes, this fiery fellow was 'around,' with vengeance in his teeth; and the only apparent method we could adopt to sustain the just judgment of the Court, was to keep our revolvers in view: *thus* we prevented a breach of the peace, although we could not stop the loud anathemas breathed upon all concerned, more particularly upon the vender of the *sour* beef. For the succeeding nine days, we never omitted a good opportunity to bring up a 'chunk of beef' for

ROSENBAUM to gnaw upon. The Courts of those upper-regions are as pure as their beautiful waters: but copper-stock and beef are somewhat mixed!

'Copper-fastened,' you're 'in!' - - - It is sad to hear, as we have heard, on two or three occasions, (and in one especial case recently,) that little speakers, who have had a flattering reception at the occasional side-table set for them in these pages, have been taken hence, to be here no more forever. Little can *we* say, to stifle the grief or soothe the *present* sorrow of 'E. M.,' the afflicted mother, of B——, Illinois: but will she peruse these brief lines? They *have* consolation in the promise which they portray, and in the aspirations which they inspire:

'They are going — only going;  
Jesus called them long ago:  
All the wintry time they're passing  
Softly as the falling snow.  
When the violets in the spring-time  
Catch the azure of the sky,  
They are carried out to slumber  
Sweetly where the violets lie.

'They are going — only going,  
When with summer earth is dressed,  
In their cold hands holding roses  
Folded to each silent breast;  
When the autumn hangs red banners  
Out above the harvest sheaves,  
They are going — ever going,  
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

'They are going — only going  
Out of pain, and into bliss;  
Out of sad and sinful weakness  
Into perfect holiness.  
Snowy brows — no care shall shade them;  
Bright eyes — tears shall never dim;  
Rosy lips — no time shall fade them —  
Jesus called them unto Him.

'Little hearts forever stainless —  
Little hands as pure as they;  
Little feet by angels guided  
Never a forbidden way.  
They are going — ever going!  
Leaving many a lonely spot;  
But 'tis Jesus who hath called them —  
Suffer, and forbid them not.'

Bereaved mother, these lines, undoubtedly from the swelling heart of one who 'hath sorrow like unto *your* sorrow,' must by and by fall like balm upon your wounded heart. - - - BEFORE you peruse, town-reader, in the daily journals, the ridiculous advertisements of astrologers, sooth-sayers, and 'veiled prophetesses,' run your eye over the subjoined account of the manner in which one of these pretenders to divination was 'come over' by the witty and satirical Dean of St. PATRICK'S. The story, although greatly condensed, will be found sufficiently SWIFT-ISH: Having long observed and lamented the abuses of pretended astrologers, especially of PARTRIDGE, the Almanac-maker, the chief London astrologer of the time, he began to adjust and correct the calculation, which he had made for some years, and promulgate his predictions founded thereupon; proclaiming that PARTRIDGE himself, and the rest of his clan, might 'hoot him for a cheat and impostor if he failed in any singular particular of moment.' A table of predictions follows, calculated from the time when the sun entered into Aries: 'My first prediction,' he says, 'is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to PARTRIDGE, the almanac-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find that he will infallibly die upon the twenty-ninth of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever: therefore I advise him to consider it, and settle his affairs in time.' The accomplishment of this prediction is subsequently set forth in a 'Letter to a Person of Honor' narrating the death of Mr. PARTRIDGE at the time foretold by the sage astrologer. As the fatal Twenty-ninth approached, word was brought to the seer that the almanac-maker was growing gradually very ill, and that he had become delirious. The astrologer visits him, but finds him in full possession

of his understanding. He tells him that he is sorry to see him under such melancholy circumstances, and begs him to say frankly whether his predictions relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He replied 'that he *had* often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension until about a fortnight before; since which time it had kept perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: for,' said he, 'I am thoroughly persuaded that this new astrologer spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year, than I did myself!' 'I told him,' said the *true* astrologer, 'that his discourse surprised me very much; and I asked him what reason he had to be convinced of the astrologer's ignorance. I asked him farther, why he had not calculated his *own* nativity, to see whether it agreed with the astrologer's prediction?' This was a clincher: and the frightened almanac-maker answered: 'O Sir! this is no time for jesting, but for repenting of such fooleries, as I do from the bottom of my heart.' 'The observations and predictions, then,' said I, 'which you printed with your almanacs, were mere impositions upon the people?' 'If it were otherwise,' he answered solemnly, 'I should have the less to answer for.' After half an hour's farther conversation, the astrologer took his leave, repairing to a coffee-house near at hand, leaving a request to be informed by a servant when his prediction 'took effect,' which fatal result occurred soon after. But JOHN PARTRIDGE, the almanac-maker, would not *stay* dead: indeed, in a paper entitled '*The Astrological Impostor Conquicted*,' he denied having died at all; and boldly avowed that, thanks to his better stars, he 'was alive, to confront the false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment!' That, owing to the outrageous prediction, the town believed him to be dead, he admits; for the mourning upholsterers came to funerealize his apartments; the undertaker came with the coffin; and the sexton, to know where he was to be laid, and whether the grave was to be plain or bricked. He looked out of the window, and told them, together with a troop of 'dismals,' or mourning mutes, that he was no more dead than they were: but they knew better: told him to get into his grave-gear as quick as he could, and not stand like a ghost at the window, to frighten folks; that he 'ought to have been in his coffin these three hours.' 'Now can any man of common-sense,' indignantly asks the dead-and-alive *ci-devant* astrologer, 'think it consistent with the honor of my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling before his own door, 'Alive! alive! ho! the famous Dr. PARTRIDGE! — no counterfeit, but all alive!' But SWIFT met this denial promptly and plumply. Dr. PARTRIDGE announced in his succeeding almanac, that he 'was not only *now* alive, but that he was *likewise* alive upon that very Twenty-ninth of March when it had been foretold that he should die!' Here the astrologer 'had' him: and his first argument was this: 'About a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanac for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, that 'they were sure that no man alive ever writ such stuff as this: ' nor was that opinion ever heard to be disputed: but there was another and a stronger evidence: Mrs. PARTRIDGE herself had repeatedly stated to the gossips of the neighborhood, that her husband 'had neither life nor soul in him: ' therefore, it was 'only an

uninformed carcass which was walking about, which was pleased to call itself PARTRIDGE!' And the astrologer proceeds to *prove* him to be dead, out of his own Almanac: for 'he there says, he is not only alive now, but that he was also alive upon the very twenty-ninth of March, which it was foretold that he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now, who was not alive a twelvemonth ago! There lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not to assert that he was alive ever *since* that twenty-ninth of March, but that he is *now* alive, and was so on *that day*! I grant the latter, for he did n't die until night: whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. This is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.' Any thing clearer than this, or any thing stronger in corroboration of the wonderful miracles effected by *true* astrology, could not perhaps be found, even in our own 'enlightened age!' We close with this characteristic sentence: 'I never heard a finer piece of *Satire against Lawyers*, than that of Astrologers when they pretend, by rules of art, to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of plaintiff or defendant: thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause!' - - - A KNOWLEDGE of '*Parliamentary Usages*' is one of the most important acquisitions of any man, (either '*that man*, or *another man*,') who aspires to the honors of political or 'conventional' life. Read the subjoined. 'Hence we view the great necessity there is,' of knowing what you are about, when you happen to be one of a committee of the whole, at the time of an 'exciting debate.' The burlesque is perfect:

'If there are any in the land who are so unfortunate as to be ignorant of the mode of procedure in electing officers and so forth for a school district, I deem it my duty to enlighten them, by reporting *verbatim et literatim* what my own eyes beheld and ears heard. As usual, there were two parties, each bent on having its own way:

'Mr. M — : 'I move Mr. D — be our moderator.'

'All in favor, say 'I.' Carried.'

'Mr. M — was spokesman for the weaker party, and carried his point by storm.

'Mr. M — : 'I move that Mr. E — be our trustee for the next three years.

'Mr. A — : 'Second it!'

'Mod. : 'All in favor, say 'I.'

'Voice : 'What's the motion?'

'The moderator paid no regard to the inquiry, neither called for the negatives, but declared E — elected.

'Up jumps V —, the head of the stronger party, finds a trustee of the opposite faction elected, and moves to rescind: did not know he was voting for trustee. Motion is seconded.

'Mr. M — calls for ayes and noes.

'Mod. : 'Clerk, call the roll, and those in *favor* of Mr. E —'s being trustee, will say, 'Yes,' and those opposed, 'No.'

'Mr. G — : 'No, that *an't right*, those in *favor* must say 'No,' and those *opposed*, 'Yes.'

'Mr. M — : 'The vote is, to *take back* the vote making Mr. E — trustee.

'Mod. : 'Edzactly; jus' as I said. Those that want Mr. E — for trustee, say 'Yes,' those that do n't, say 'No.' Call the roll.'

'Clerk : 'Mr. A —.'



'Mr. A —— answers 'Yes;' he is in *favor* of E ——'s being trustee. A —— is a good-natured, simple-minded man, not wishing to injure any body, and would vote for any body.

'Mr. M —— : 'No, Mr. A ——, you do n't mean to say 'Yes;' it *recalls* the vote for trustee. You want to vote No.'

'Mr. A —— : 'I want Mr. E —— to be trustee, so I say *Yes*.'

'Mod. : 'Go on, Clerk, Mr. A —— is right; he says *Yes*; he wants E —— to be trustee.'

'Clerk : 'Mr. B ——.'

'B —— answers: 'No, I can never vote for the like of that mon. His dawg bit a boy of mine; and ony mon that 'll kape a dawg to bite children, bean't fit to be aither trustee or any think else. I say No.'

'Then the spokesman of the other party endeavored to explain to B —— that he was voting for Mr. E ——.

'Mr. B : 'Dawn it, bean't I a mon, that I cawnt tell if I say *Yeas* or *No* : I say *No*.'

'The Noes prevailed, and the Moderator decided that Mr. E —— was not to be the trustee.

'Mr. M —— : 'I call for the 'REPORT :'

'To receaved of TOMMUS JONES, the collector of this dis.	.\$27 75 dr.
By paid HYRUM KECHUM for wood saun and split redy for stove,	9 00 cr.
By cash paid scholemam for sumer schole and her borde,	16 25
By fixin winder & nales and doar lach three shillins,	00 37
By 1 brume,	00 13

remainin in our hans too dollars and know sents.

A. V.	} Trusteeaze.
W. T.	
M. C.	

'As it was late about this time, and I had obtained the above report, I left.

'Yours, 'KRISS.'

Most especially authentic. - - - THE '*Reminiscences of Lorenzo Dow*,' the eccentric travelling Methodist Preacher, are thankfully received: but most of the incidents narrated have already obtained a wide publicity in print. We once heard him preach, in an open grove, in one of the central towns of our State. His appointment had been made some two months in advance; and the day before had been one of wind and storm, and the travelling was terrific. But prompt to the hour, he appeared on an old and way-worn bay mare: his face covered with a beard and moustache, which at this day would excite no remark, but which alone would *then* have congregated the curious of a whole township. He mounted the stand, a rude creation of rough boards, gave out a hymn with which the 'surrounding aisles of the dim woods rang,' offered up a short prayer, and then began his discourse. We made one of a pair of little twin-ZACCHEUSES, on a tree over his head, *one* of whom was occasionally a little restless, arising from the insecure and yielding nature of his perch. Old LORENZO, his red-rimmed mouth opening round as he spoke through the mossy aperture, looked up, and exclaimed: Boys! *be* still — *keep* still — or *come d-o-w-n*! You are like the dog in the manger, who would n't eat himself, nor let the ox a-eat-ah!' The discourse, in some respects, was wonderful. It was at times pathetic, often ludicrous, with occasional illustra-



tions so felicitous, and so full of strong common-sense, that he took his immense audience with him. 'I'm only a poor old ram's-horn,' said he, in concluding his sermon, 'through which God has blown upon the people: may He bless His work!' A hymn, a prayer, a benediction: and 'Old LORENZO' was again in the saddle, chirruping his old mare into a trot, for another appointment, miles and miles away. He was a Methodical Sight to See! - - - WE hope every lover of the KNICKER-BOCKER will both read, and commend to his neighbors, *'The Story of a Poor Young Man,'* which will run through five successive numbers. It is a pure, healthful story of domestic life, and has been received in France and England as the great novel of the time. Not less interesting (and of immense importance to every family in the land also) is the liberally-illustrated series of popular articles, entitled *'Falsifications of Food,'* which will be continued during the present year. Analyses, by the most accomplished chemist and microscopist in the country, will be given of all the principal articles of food in common use, liquors, drugs, etc., usually adulterated; the adulterating materials, and the means of detecting them; together with the names of manufacturers, or other parties guilty of this most common but shameful and pernicious crime. The articles are prepared at an immense labor and expense: and we confidently expect that they will excite more interest, and be of greater benefit to the public, than any series of magazine papers yet offered to American readers. - - - OUR correspondent, 'W. J. R.,' of L —, (Mass.,) must permit us to infer that the following is not to be considered 'Private,' although contained in a note to us thus designated. It is 'too good to keep' — from our readers: 'Rev. Mr. G —, a friend of mine now in Heaven, told me a capital thing about his journey through the West, in a missionary capacity, several years ago. He was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called: in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of *Total Depravity?* 'Oh!' she replied, 'I think it a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it!' The minister was dumb-founded: and really, what could he say? - - - THANKS to our far 'Down-East' correspondent, for his obliging 'excerpts' from *'Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs.'* Once upon a time, many years ago, an old friend and occasional correspondent in 'Bangor, State o' Maine,' did us the same kindness; dispatching to us especially, a 'piece' upon one MILES SHOREY, in which were depicted *'The Suferinks of a Man'* with as much genuine pathos as the affecting 'pome' thus entitled, from the simply-classic pen of K. N. PEPPER, modestly 'intituled' *'Some Remarks on the Death of Miles Shorey.'* You will please fiddle and sing the 'piece,' on page two hundred and twenty-four, including the ninth and tenth verses, and omitting all the rest:

'MILES SHOREY, fifteen months of age,  
In haste has quit his favorite stage,  
By oil of vitriol spilled on him,  
And was consumed by the flame!

'This child — who suffered by this fire,  
His father's name was NEHEMIAH;  
Who is a real friendly man —  
His loving mother's name was ANN.'

This poem, perhaps the most unique and tragical of all our 'FARMER's works,

has, as we have said, already 'fallen upon the public ear' through these pages. Our present correspondent remarks in his note: 'At one time and another, you have published in your *EDITOR'S TABLE* some very rich specimens of 'poetry' from the 'rural districts,' which I assure you have excited a good deal of merriment in the region round about whence I send you this scriblet. I have in my possession some genuine productions of 'the same sort,' which I have been meaning, these three years, to send to you. To-day I *will* sit me down and '*do it*,' as FANNY KEMBLE used to say as '*JULIA*,' in '*The Hunchback*,' 'nor leave the task to another.' The volume — for I have a *volume* of them, containing one hundred and eight of the 'pomes' in all — is called '*The Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs*:' by THOMAS RANDALL, a resident of Eaton, (N. H.) It seems to have been printed in Limerick, Maine, by WM. BURR, in the year 1833, and to have been 'entered according to act of Congress,' in the same year. I inclose a loose leaf or two, including the 'Index,' to assure you that I am not attempting a 'sale,' as you might suspect, but giving you extracts from a veritable work, even if it *was* overlooked by GRISWOLD in the compilation of his '*Poets and Poetry of America*.' The pieces which I transcribe are given *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*. Even where I suspect a slip of the type, I have not ventured on any conjectural emendations. I leave those for future editors and commentators. Listen to

## P O E M L I.

*'Remarks on John March: a Man of large Stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton.*

(INSERTED BY REQUEST.)

'THE mighty fall by God's command:  
Who can secure their breath?  
JOHN MARCH, Esquire, has quit the land,  
Resigned his life in death.

'His bulky form we did admire;  
Uncommon was his weight;  
A fever seized on him like fire,  
And shortly sealed his fate.

'DEATH laid on him his chilly hand;  
He sunk beneath his load:  
In haste he left his favorite land,  
And quit the tiresome road.

'He signified to some around,  
While on the tiresome road,  
That some sweet comforts he had found;  
He'd made his peace with God.

'His wife and children each may say,  
'We've lost a *Great Defence*:  
He's cheered our hearts both night and day,  
By gifts he did dispense.

'He's clothed us in the richest dress,  
In public to be seen:  
The worth of learning did impress;  
(In business to convene.)

'No more with statesmen he will meet  
At Concord or elsewhere;  
In their assemblies take his seat,  
His measures to declare.

'No more he'll call the humble poor  
With him to take a seat;  
And feed them all within his door  
With most delicious meat.

'Those ministers he thought sincere,  
With him they found a place;  
He treated them with love and care,  
As favorites of his grace.

'But now he bids them all adieu!  
Here in the desert ground;  
No more his giant form to view,  
Nor, see him walking round!

That this is a great poem upon a great subject, we think will be conceded. There is another upon '*The Cholera*,' which also 'impresses.' Let our metropolitan authorities, who have charge of our dirty streets, see to it that these 'suggestive' lines do not rise in judgment against them, during the fervors of the summer solstice soon to be upon us; when neither the odors of myrrh nor of frankincense

shall abound in our streets; nor Hudson, rolling his dead dogs to the sea, contribute to the enjoyment of the most spiritual of all the senses:

'THE CHOLERA comes, with rapid strides,  
Over the western ocean glides:  
It asks no favors of the sun,  
Through the dark his vapors run.

'With glassy eye and falling cheek,  
(The cities see and give a shriek!)  
With haggard arms, and pointed chin,  
He looks around and gives a grin!

'New-York city, I've been told,  
This contagion through it strolled;  
Let its deadly vengeance fall,  
Laid them lifeless by the wall.

'The doctors each began their drill,  
Tried the force of lance and pill;  
Physic in profusion flowed,  
Stomachs filled, and bowels stowed.

'Noble means were well applied,  
And the wisest skill was tried;  
But abortive mostly proved:  
Cholera like a giant moved!

'Repelled the doctors' generous blows,  
Passed along by streets in rows,  
Threw disorder in their face,  
Defied the skill of ADAM's race!

'Sighs and sobs—they might be heard!  
Cries to heaven were highly reared!  
Lamentations, not a few,  
Walked the streets of New-York through.

'Death and mourning was their meat;  
Sackcloths passed along the street;  
Hum was changed to gloom profound;  
Bells were tolling all around.'

Next in poetic strength and artistic merit to the affecting stanzas devoted to little 'MILES SHOREY,' is the poem 'On the Death of ESTHER MERROW, aged about eighteen years;' as will appear from two of the dozen stanzas which compose it:

'YOUNG ESTHER MERROW once was here  
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair:  
Health flow'd in streamlets round her head,  
Threw in her face both white and red!

'Fair ESTHER, once with wit and sense,  
Whose flesh was soft, whose bones were dense,  
Is gone to earth from whence she rose,  
When all her frame will decompose!'

The mantle of our poet would seem to have fallen upon his son, although the latter has never collected his lyrics into a volume. 'Poem 25,' 'Lines on the Death of NICHOLAS BLAISDEL,' and 'Poem 26,' 'On the Sudden Death of JOHN HERN,' have this note appended to them: 'Written by the Author's son, R. W. RANDALL.' A stanza or two from 'Poem 26' will suffice to show the style of RANDALL *filii* as distinguished from that of RANDALL *père*:

'On his horse, then, unthoughtful swift homeward he sped;  
But not far had he travelled, ere death, pale and cold,  
With his poisonous dart, met this young man and said,  
I am Death, the destroyer! my summons behold!

'A prisoner pale, then he fell from his horse,  
With red, dying blood the death-warrant was sealed;  
No more he's delighted with Music's sweet voice;  
His limbs are inactive, his eyes are concealed.

'In vain did they minister to his relief:  
A bandage, in vain, was applied to his head;  
Father, brothers, and sisters, in vain is your grief:  
Your friend, he is gone, for your JOHN he is dead!

Will it hereafter be stated that this Magazine has failed to do justice to the merit of any distinguished New-Hampshire bard? Can it be insinuated that we do n't 'do the handsome thing?' - - - In inviting attention to the advertisement of 'The Rockland County Female Institute,' accompanying the present number of our Magazine, we need only remark, that we can confirm all that is said in it

of the advantages offered by the Institution. Under its present management, it is an honor to the State: it is moreover a *Home*, as well as a *School*: and where, in the whole sweep of the Hudson, is there a more beautiful prospect, (counting immediate access to the metropolis,) than can be commanded from the piazzas of the 'Institute?' Of the PRINCIPAL, and his capable assistants it needs not that we should speak. Well known even now, they are becoming more widely known with every 'term' of their 'Institute' existence. - - - We commend the following to the attention of our contemporary in Boston, as calculated still farther to correct the '*Seamanship of the Atlantic Monthly*.' It occurs in the opening chapter of GULLIVER'S voyage to Brogdignag: 'The captain, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bade us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following; for the Southern wind, called the Southern monsoon, began to set in. Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or heeling. We reached the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a fierce storm: the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well. We knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen main-top sail, and the fore-top sail. Our course was east-north-east; the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard: we cast off our weather-braces and lifts: we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward the bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by, as near as she would lie!' 'We' have 'smelt salt water:' but *many* may lose the beautiful 'seamanship' of this. - - - A work which will make a more than ordinary sensation, and of which an extended review will soon appear in these pages, is now passing through the press of Messrs. DELISSER AND PROCTER, 'on Broadway.' It is entitled '*The Secret History of the French Court under Richelieu and Mazarin: or the Life and Times of Madame de Chevreuse*.' It is by VICTOR COUSIN, and translated by M. L. BOOTH. A superbly engraved portrait will add to its 'personal' attractions. - - - CARLYLE himself will 'smile a still smile' over this burlesque of his entirely characteristic style: 'Come now, O my THOMAS! thou doubtful doubter of doubts, thou flounderer on the flat, miry and bilgy of tideless Toryism. I have somewhat to show thee. Look!—what seest with those staring eyes of thine; those eyes so big and bullet-like, globed in such spheretic speculation! It shall be *told* thee what thou seest: A car, four-wheeled and many-sized and springless. No two of the wheels are of the same size—in order prescript and irrevocable. It goeth forth backwardly, hind-quarterly, and stern-foremostly, and joineth in many directions at once, and therefore hath no locomotion. Time and half a times it is half topsy-turvy, and

otherwhiles the sconceless traveller therein ensconced, knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, kneeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud-rumbleth and rough-tumbleth this mystic and portentous car: and yet it stayeth where it listeth, and where *that* is no man knoweth, not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho! ho! PETER and PAUL! Ha! ha! Mrs. GRUNDY and Dame PARTINGTON! Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Dost thou not recognize this car? Why, man, it is Thyself—it is CAR-lyle! But *is* it ‘himself,’ or is it his lingual ‘GOBLIN d—d?’ - - - We have especial pleasure in calling public attention to the opening piece of a Musical Series, published by MESSRS. DELISSEER AND PROCTER, Broadway, entitled ‘*Vocal Quartettes, adapted to the Poetry of the Prayer-Book.*’ These musical performances are from the *curiorum* pen of our friend JACQUES MAURICE, Esq.: and those whose judgment ‘cries in the top of ours,’ as SHAKESPEARE phrases it, commend the opening piece as supplying a most important desideratum. These ‘*Quartettes*’ will be the result of careful labor, distributed through a number of years. Although the just effect of the music demands in most cases four voices, generally with accompaniment, many of the pieces are not unsuited to the wants of larger choirs or singing-parties; and nearly every one may be sung as a soprano solo, if the accompaniment is given in full; though often, of course, the performance will be less satisfactory to the ear. Such at least are the opinions of musical judges. - - - Is there not a pleasant and withal an instructive PICTURE embraced in the annexed passages from a late familiar epistle of an esteemed New-England friend, yet fellow-Gothamite, dated in mid-March from his delightful ‘Country-Home?’ We say ‘instructive,’ because it might, and it should, induce emulation of kindred *Acquisition of Attainable Enjoyment*, equally refined and inexpensive. We should ‘sink’ the opening compliment, as ‘not at all in our way’ of publication in these pages, but for its inseparable connection with the present thoughts of the writer:

‘WHAT weird power is it, my friend, that you possess, which always moves one to write to you after reading your ‘Gossip?’ Wherever I am, and by whatever influences surrounded, I can scarcely resist the impulse which is the invariable result of my first perusal of your Magazine.

‘When I describe the external influences attending my this day’s reading of the March number, you will not think it strange that I yield to the temptation.

‘Last week I brought my family home from New-York, where they have been spending the winter: and I have been remaining here with them through the week. Yesterday I went to P—, and purchased the KNICKERBOCKER and *Home Journal*. To-day, after ‘putting things to rights’ a little, I sat down in my library to have a good ‘read’ of the KNICKERBOCKER.

‘As I commenced reading, the snow began to fall; gently, gently, and in little fine particles; so that we knew we were going to have a real snow-storm. I do love to see a snow-storm commence in this way: when it begins with great feathery flakes and a great bluster, we know that it will be all ‘fuss and feathers,’ and that it will shortly end with the ‘nastiest’ kind of a rain. But when it begins as this has, so fine that you have to look twice to see one flake; and the folks say ‘it’s going to snow’ for half an hour after it has *been* snowing; when it comes down in a benignant kind of a way; seeming to say ‘Well, I had about as lief snow as not: do you think it best

that I should? Let's see: I will scatter a few specks and see how they take. How's the ground? Frozen? Hum: well, I will give you a little—nothing else to do. Old BOREAS is off somewhere just now; but he will be along by-and-by, and take hold with me. There: how is *that*? Pretty fine—pretty fine: I suppose you think I won't make out much. Ha! ha! well, we'll see—we'll see! And then you *will* see. Then you will see, in about three hours, one of the most beautiful sights in nature. One vast white sheet rolled out over the ground, with the brown shrubs peeping through, trying to keep their heads above water till the last minute; the fences decorated with long rolls of 'frosting'; the fir and the spruce and the arbor-vitæ clothing themselves like happy brides; while the oaks, and the maples, and the chestnuts stand by, brown, dry, and unmoved, like old bachelors whose season is over; timid snow-birds fluttering about, and looking pitifully at the pitying faces on the warm-side of the window-pane; and more beautiful than all else, the great white cloud of silver stars, and pearls, and diamonds, ever descending, descending, descending, from as high as you can see, as far as you can see, in prodigality such as Heaven alone affords!

'What a day to read the KNICKERBOCKER! Do you wonder that I do not resist temptation? Do you wonder that I write to you?

'Let me describe my externals a little more fully:

'My library is just where all libraries should be, at the pleasantest corner of the house. It is in the second story, and the house stands high, so that, looking south, I can see miles in the distance without moving from my desk. In front, or on the west side, rolls the swift black river, whose specific gravity we have impressed into service to drive our spindles; and beyond rises the steep, wooded hill, along the sloping brow of which, like a girdle, runs the little lonely path which 'Uncle RUSSEL' cut for SARAH to travel home from mill. 'Uncle RUSSEL' is an eccentric character, but good-natured and genial as that FALSTAFF whom he so much resembles in appearance. His house stands alone, on the other side of the river, while the road runs on this side. The old man usually crosses in his boat; but there is a 'string-piece' some distance below, which SARAH crosses when she returns home in the evening. Many a stormy night, when the eight-o'clock bell has rung out the operatives, have we watched poor SARAH's lantern, as it glimmered along the hill, down into the hollows and over the eminences of her lonely path.

'To come in doors: the little ones are having a 'great time' in the nursery with the new Scotch nurse. MARTHA is an Ayrshire lass, and a near relative of BURNS. Wife is chatting with Father and Mother and Sister down stairs, and you and I, dear friend, are all alone.

'I have been listening to *your* gossiping chatting, but as you have exhausted your 'powers of conversation' with *me*, it is *my* turn, now. I've 'got you,' *this* time!

'My mind is running somewhat upon your remarks prefatory to the extract from a casual newspaper letter of mine;\* and I have been thinking of the great mistake most business-men make in permitting the finer pursuits of intellectual culture to be entirely banished by their business duties. From my experience in mercantile life, I do not hesitate to say, that he who suffers himself to be absorbed completely by the demands of his business; whose only care is upon his balance-sheet, and who has brought himself to believe that it is his assigned lot simply to perform the routine of labor in his counting-house, like the wheel of a clock, has sold himself to the most odi-

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\* See the KNICKERBOCKER for March: pp. 325.



ous and debasing slavery. And yet I know that the tendency of a business life is to the entire absorption of one's self in its cares.

'Do you ask me why I have chosen to place myself among dangers of which I am warned? I will tell you.

'Your Man of Letters is a valuable member of society: in fact, we should find it somewhat difficult to get along without him. We want him to write our histories; to explain the musty volumes which reveal past ages to us; we want him to travel, and narrate his travels to us; we want him to think profoundly and then give us the result of his lucubrations; we want him to immerse himself in scientific discoveries, and eliminate those things which may benefit us; we want him to 'do up' some poetry occasionally for us; we want him to collect and distil for our delectation the delicious aroma floating on the surface of the current literature of the day: we want him as an ornament to society — *but we do not want to pay him!*

'APOLLO, my friend, is a fellow of talent. I confess to a liking for his shining parts; but he has n't half the influence which MERCURY has now-a-days: therefore have I chosen the latter as my patron. Do not think, however, that I succumb quietly to the harness of commercial life. Did you never see a staid and sober old farm-horse jog, jog, jogging along in a lumber-wagon, with head down, ears flapping, and his pot-belly swinging from side to side, suddenly prick up his ears, toss up his head, seize the bit between his teeth, and break into an awkward gallop for a rod or two, making the tug-chain rattle and the old cart fairly groan, as some spirited nag came spanking by him? Just so do I, jogging along in the well-worn ruts, often feel my blood stirred by some passing event in literature; and springing out of the track, regardless of check and restraint, and unmindful of the clanking of the chains, and the damage to my go-cart, canter after, until my stiff joints and labored breath admonish me of my departure from duty.' . . . 'The March number of 'Old KNICK' is a gem. I am delighted with your reminiscences. Your Mississippi correspondent has also got off the best thing in his line which has appeared since the days of poor GEORGE HILL. I might particularize farther, but have not the time.'

'Gain time,' then, and write again! - - - AWAITING, until next month, adequate space and leisure for a *proper* notice of '*Tressilian and his Friends*,' a work from the prolific and always agreeable pen of our friend, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, we simply, for the present, briefly call attention to the existence of the book, and name the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia. Even this brief announcement is scarcely necessary. - - - SINCE our friend Mr. SPARROWGRASS's, 'unpremeditated' yet most atrocious pun, made one morning when we were steaming townward, what time the great Hungarian Patriot was on a visit to us, we have heard nothing worse in its kind than the following, which we clip from our to-night's *Evening Post*: 'Col. ALBERT PIKE is about to depart on a tour of business and pleasure among the Indian tribes of the West. He will be accompanied by a few gentlemen who know the ways of the red man. The excursion will occupy some two or three months. On the occasion of Mr. PIKE's speech at the Opera House, in Cincinnati, there was as much anxiety among PIKE's friends to hear PIKE speak, as there is among miners to see Pike's Peak.' 'But: what *was* Mr. SPARROWGRASS's pun?' Why, this: 'Why is a celebrated Hungarian General, now among us, like a musket?' 'Give it up:' 'Could n't say,' 'Out of town,' etc. 'Cos shoot.' *Kos-shut!* Emulation in punning fructifies at long intervals or dis-



tances of time. - - - '*The True Heart's Aspirations*' are too incomplete, however beautiful in their original form, for satisfactory publication. We are none the less obliged, however, to 'ORMOND' for his kind intentions. - - - CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., has retired from the editorship of the *The Ladies' Illustrated Magazine*, late 'GRAHAM's', of which latter he had the literary charge during the last two years of its existence.

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Brief Notices of New Publications.

W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S EDITION OF COOPER'S NOVELS is attracting the attention and securing the wide popularity which we predicted for it, some months since, while the great enterprise was as yet almost in embryo: but the materials to be employed, and the superb original illustrations, indicated, with sufficient plainness, what the public had good reason to expect. Nor will public expectation in any degree be disappointed. The pioneer of the series was '*The Pioneers*,' which has been succeeded by '*The Red Rover*,' and '*The Last of the Mohicans*.' It would be idle, at this late day, to speak of the character of these or other kindred works, which have made COOPER's name and literary fame known not *only* 'wherever the *English* language is read and spoken,' but as well where many *other* languages are read and spoken. Hence it remains only to be stated, that in the conception and execution of the engravings by DARLEY, who has the rare faculty of entering into the very *spirit* of his author; in the firm and beautiful paper, made expressly for this edition; in the clear and elegant typographical execution; and in the rich and tasteful binding of the volumes, there is nothing left to be desired, save the ability to purchase them; and this, fortunately, the publishers place within the easy reach of all good-book buyers. We shall have something more in detail to remark of the illustrative '*illuminations*' of this truly *National Series* of truly AMERICAN works.

THE 'MEMOIR OF COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE,' of the Revolution, to which reference was made in our last number, accompanied by a graphic and interesting extract, describing the execution of Major ANDRE at old Tappaan Town, possesses for us a more-than ordinary interest. When Mr. JOHN P. BROWN, for so many years United States Dragoman at Constantinople, and so long a correspondent of this Magazine, sent to us, on behalf of Prince DOLGOROUKI, of the Russian Embassy at the Sublime Porte, for an autograph letter of the 'great and good WASHINGTON,' and another of our 'eminent novelist, COOPER,' it was from our friend, Hon. F. A. TALLMADGE, (who publishes this memoir, prepared by his father, 'at the request of his children,') that we obtained a most interesting autograph letter from WASHINGTON to his honored parent, showing his implicit confidence in, and firm reliance upon him, by the *Pater Patrie*. This letter, with an admirable one from Mr. COOPER to the PRINCE, we were permitted, at the time, to publish in the KNICKERBOCKER, from which they were widely copied, not only at home, but in Great Britain. And well does this thin, modest volume prove the judgment of WASHINGTON in the selection of his more distinguished patriotic coadjutors. A fine engraving, from the pencil of TRUMBULL, WASHINGTON's aid-de-camp, (presented to Hon. F. A. TALLMADGE by the venerable artist himself,) fronts the volume: and its noble port and bearing shows, that in 'the times that tried men's

*souls,* there were noble *bodies* to be exposed and tried, as well. As we have given the *result* of ANDRE's capture and execution, in the words of one who described 'all which he *saw*, and part of which he *was*,' let us not omit to quote, from one who *literally* 'thinks in words,' an important preliminary passage :

'AFTER this, I took my station again upon the line, in the county of Westchester. After marching, and counter-marching, skirmishing with the enemy, catching cow-boys, etc., etc., late in the month of September, namely, on the evening of the twenty-third, I returned from below to the regiment, then near Northcastle. Soon after I halted, and disposed of my detachment, I was informed that a prisoner had been brought in that day by the name of JOHN ANDERSON. On inquiry, I found that three men, by the names of JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN VERT, who had passed below our ordinary military patrols, on the road from Tarrytown to Kingsbridge, had fallen in with this JOHN ANDERSON, on his way to New-York. They took him aside for examination, and discovering sundry papers upon him, which he had concealed in his boots, they determined to detain him as a prisoner, notwithstanding ANDERSON's offers of pecuniary satisfaction if they would permit him to proceed on his course. They determined to bring him up to the head-quarters of our regiment, then on the advanced post of our army, and near Northcastle. This they effected on the forenoon of the twenty-third day of September, 1780, by delivering said ANDERSON to Lieut-Col. JOHN JAMESON, of the Second Regiment Light Dragoons, then the commanding officer of said post, Col. SHELDON being at old Salem, under arrest.

'His Excellency Gen. WASHINGTON had made an appointment, to meet the Count ROCHAMBEAU (who commanded the French army then at Newport, R.I.,) at Hartford, in Connecticut, about the eighteenth or twentieth of September, and was on his return to the army at the time of ANDERSON's capture. When I reached Lieut-Col. JAMESON's quarters, late in the evening of the twenty-third, and learned the circumstances of the capture of the prisoner, I was very much surprised to find that he had been sent by Lieut-Col. JAMESON to ARNOLD's head-quarters at West Point, accompanied by a letter of information respecting his capture. At the same time he dispatched an express with the papers found on JOHN ANDERSON, to meet Gen. WASHINGTON, then on his way to West-Point. I did not fail to state the glaring inconsistency of this conduct to Lieut-Col. JAMESON, in a private and most friendly manner. He appeared greatly agitated when I suggested to him a measure which I wished to adopt, offering to take the whole responsibility upon myself, and which he deemed too perilous to permit. I will not farther disclose. I finally obtained his reluctant consent to have the prisoner brought back to our head-quarters. When the order was about to be dispatched to the officer to bring the prisoner back, strange as it may seem, Lieut-Col. JAMESON *would persist* in his purpose of letting his letter go on to Gen. ARNOLD. The letter did go on, and the prisoner returned before the next morning.'

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS' BOSTON EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS has been brought to a conclusion. We have frequently adverted to it, as it has advanced; and to the very last works, 'The Surgeon's Daughter,' and 'Castle Dangerous,' now before us, it has justified, in all respects, the high praise which it has received from the press throughout the United States. Convenient in size, beautifully printed upon excellent paper, illustrated in each volume with exquisite engravings on steel, tastefully and uniformly bound, it is externally an edition which will make it an ornament to any library. The last volume gives the names of the novels in alphabetical order; the chronological order and the characters introduced, with a summary of the principal incidents in each story; an index of names, with references to the volumes and pages in which they are first mentioned; an index to the notes; and a copious glossary of the Scottish words and phrases so frequently used by SCOTT. These additions give a completeness to the Household Edition which no other one possesses.

HAZARD'S ESSAY ON LANGUAGE, AND OTHER PAPERS,' was noticed by a correspondent with signal favor in our March number: in the present issue, another correspondent, also a Thinker, and whose theory in relation to THOUGHT is, that we *think only in words*, sends us the following comprehensive memoranda, as *his* impressions derived from a perusal of the work in question, contending that the author does not distinguish between *feeling and thinking*. Having followed the maxim, '*Audi alteram partem*,' we leave the subject with our readers.

THE author of an Essay on Language lays down the following positions at pages 9 and 10:

'1. A language of *words* has been adopted as the usual and best means of communicating our *thoughts*, (p. 9.)

'2. There is an incipient stage of our *thoughts* before they are connected with *words*, (p. 9.)

'3. At that stage *thoughts* might be called *ideas* or *images*, (p. 9.)

'4. *Ideas* are but vaguely associated with *thoughts* which have already assumed the form of *words*.

'5. To designate our *mental perceptions* in this incipient state, and keep them distinct as objects of *thought* from the *words* with which they are ultimately united, he calls them *ideals* or *primitive perceptions*.

'6. By these terms he means '*impressions of things*, and all the *images, sensations, and emotions* of the mind, which are really independent of *words*.'

'7. These *impressions*, etc., 'having a separate and prior existence, induce us to put them *into language*, in order to impart our knowledge of them to others, and to compare them with each other in our own mind.'

'8. If a person '*sees* a landscape, the impression it makes on his *mind* is an *ideal*. The *emotions* associated with it are also *ideals* or *primitive perceptions*.'

'9. He seeks *corresponding terms*, and describes the scenery to another [that is, in words] whose mind also receives an *ideal* of it, together with the associated *emotions*, which are also *ideals*.

'10. Though these *ideals*, in this case, are the *effect of language* they are still as distinguishable from the *words* as any other *effect* from its *cause*. . . *ideals* are separate objects of thought,' (p. 10.)

'Such are the definitions and first principles of the author's theory. The ground fallacy of his theory consists in his confounding *thought* with *sensation* and *emotion*. But sensation, feeling, emotion — is not thought. It is not incipient thought. It precedes thought. It is not until we are conscious of an emotion, feeling, or sensation that we begin to think of it — it is not till then an object of thought — then, as certainly and as perfectly as at any time afterward, we think of it *in words*. At no stage of its progress or continuance can we think of it apart from words.

'Thinking is a voluntary act. But sensations and emotions are involuntary; and to speak of the involuntary impressions and emotions occasioned by seeing a landscape, as *ideals, incipient thoughts*, is to confound things which are as different as possible from each other. To say that we can think of sensations or impressions — as *ideals* — apart from words, and yet (as in 9) by describing them in words, can produce the same *ideals*, that is, the same sensations, impressions, or emotions in another's mind — and of course, so that he can think of them without words — is the same as to say, that if I am conscious of neuralgic pain in my head, then, first, I can think of it as an *ideal*, apart from words; second, I can select words, think of it in words, and describe it to another in those words, so that he shall receive an *ideal* of it which he can think of apart from words; third, that his receiving an *ideal* of the pain by means of my verbal description, is nothing else but his feeling the same neuralgic pain in his head, and thinking of it apart from words.'